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Accessions
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Shelf No.
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Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received 1 May, 1873.
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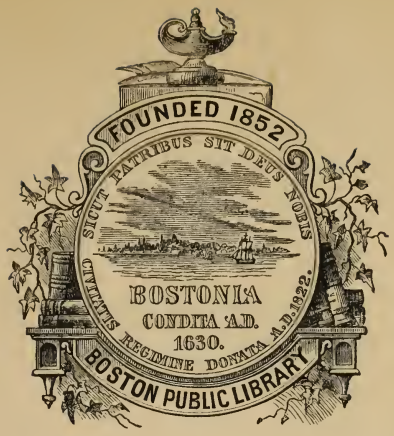


PAMPHLETS.

John Webster

and Others

Dramas

74 Mm 3

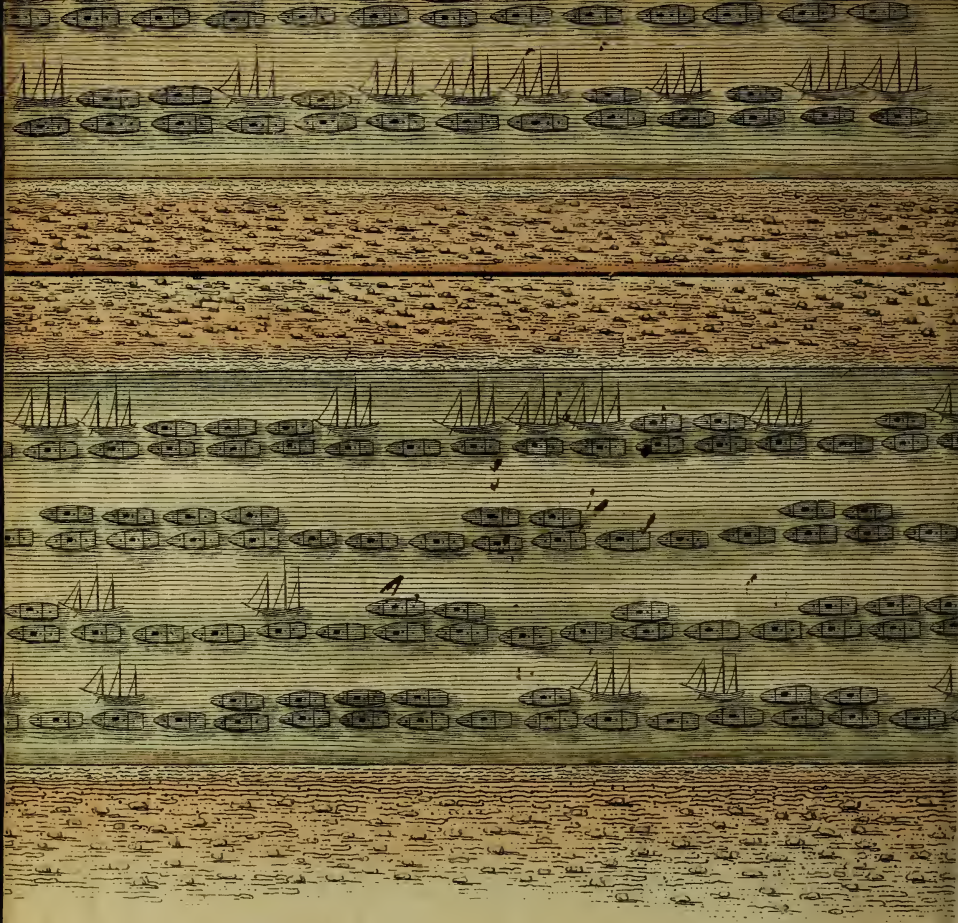
Barton Libr

North — Wind Doe

by

Decker & Webster

1607



ERENCE

		Ships
lackwall	*will contain*	*160*
wing a quarter of an Acre, or 1210	*will contain*	*250*
hip		
e on the North side for careening Veſsels will contain		*200*
.....	*will contain*	*300*
	Total	*910 Ships*

SCALE

300 *400* *500* *600 Yards*

graver Strand

NORTH-VVARD HOE.

Sundry times Acted by the Children of Paules.

By Thomas Decker, and
Iohn Webſter.

Imprinted at London by G. Eld.
1607.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-shield with Fetherstone booted.

Feth. ART sure old *Maybery* Innes here to night,

Gree. A Tis certaine the honest knaue Chamberleine that hath bin my Informer, my baud, euer since I knew *Ware* assures me of it, and more being a *Londoner* though altogether vnacquainted, I haue requested his company at supper.

Feth. Excellent occasion: how wee shall carry our selues in this businesse is onely to be thought vpon.

Gree. Be that my vndertaking: if I do not take a full reuenge of his wiues puritanicall coynesse.

Feth. Suppose it she should be chast,

Gree. O hang her: this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sonnes and heires in the Citty, looke so like our prentises,----Chamberlaine.

Cha. Heare Sir. *Enter Chamberlaine.*

Gree. This honest knaue is call'd *Innocence*, ist not a good name for a Chamberlaine? he dwelt at *Dunstable* not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butchers Daughters there to interuiew twenty times & not so little I protest: how chance you left dunstable Sirra?

Cha. Faith Sir the towne droopt euer since the peace in *Ireland*, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their *London* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at Dunstable: the next morning when they had broke their fast togeather the wenches brought them to Hockly 'ith hole, & so the one for *London* the other for *Westchester*, your onely rode now Sir is *Yorke Yorke* Sir.

Gree. True, but yet it comes scant of the Prophesy; *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* shall-be.

Cha. Yes Sir, tis fullfild, *Yorke* shalbe, that is, it shalbe *Yorke* still, surely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue some Cray-fish, and a Spitchcocke.

Enter Maybery with Bellamont.

Feth. And a fat Trout.

Cham. You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of:

Green. Most kindly welcome--I beseech you hold our bouldnesse excused Sir.

Bella. Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company: will you walke. *Feth.* Whether Trauaile you I beseech you.

May. To *London* Sir we came from *Sturbridge.*

Bel. I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with being at Sturbridge; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length of fiue lattin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yeoman ful-but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pretty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardnesse of her husbands forhead, in the goose markt number of freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate: like cloues with great heads in a gammon of bacon: here two gentlemen making a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack; there a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lispingly; here two in one corner of a shop: Londoners selling their wares, & other Gentlemen courting their wiues; where they take vp petticoates you shold finde schollers & townsmens wiues crouding togither while their husbands weare in another market busie amongst the Oxen; twas like a campe for in other Coūtries so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent discription of it in a Comedy: but whether are you trauailyng Gentlemen?

Feth Faith Sir we purposed a dangerous voiage, but vpō better consideration we alterd our course.

May. May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

Green. Tis altogither triuial in-sooth: but to passe away the time till supper, Ile deliuer it to you, with protestation before hand, I seeke not to publish euery gētle-womans dishonor, only by the passage of my discource to haue you censure the state of our quarrel. *Bel.* Forth Sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many marchants wiues in the Citty, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the faireſt but with al the falseſt creature that euer affectiō stoopt to.

May. Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

Feth. Vpon your promise of secresie.

Bel. You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Green.

Green. She was and by report ſtill is wife to a moſt graue and well reputed Cittizen. *May.* And entertaind your loue.

Green. As Meddowes do Aprill: the violence as it ſeemed of her affection--but alas it proued her diſſembling, would at my comming and departing be-dew her eyes with loue dropps; O ſhe could the art of woman moſt feelingly.

Bel. Moſt feelingly.

May. I ſhould not haue lik'd that feelingly had ſhe beene my wife, giue vs ſome ſack heare and in faith--- we are all friends; & in priuate---- what was her huſbands name,---- Ile giue you a carouſe by and by.

Green. O you ſhall pardon mee his name, it ſeemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee diſcourſe inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night ſhould I tell his name.

Bel. Your modeſty in this wiues commendation; on ſir.

Green. In the paſſage of our loues, (amongſt other fauours of greater valew) ſhe beſtowed vpon me this ringe which ſhe proteſted was her huſbands gift.

May. The poeſie, the poeſie—O my heart, that ring good infaith;

Green. Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her. *May.* Kiſſing and ſo forth. *Green.* I Sir.

Ma. And talking to her feelingly *Gre.* Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good infaith, you are of a good complexion.

Green. Lying with her as I ſay: and riſing ſome-what early frō her in the morning, I loſt this ring in her bed.

May. In my wiues bed. *Feth.* How do you Sir.

May. Nothing: lettes haue a fire chamberlaine; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue ſuch a ſhudering: ith' bed you ſay; *Green.* Right Sir, in Miſtris *Maiberies* ſheetes.

May. Was her name *Maybery.*

Green. Beſhrew my tongue for blabbing, I preſume vpon your ſecreſy. *May.* O God Sir, but where did you find your looſing;

Green. Where I found her falſneſſe: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confeſſion pertaking the like inioyment; found this ring the ſame morning on her pillowe, and ſham'd not in my ſight to weare it.

May. What did ſhee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her huſband was forth a Towne all this while,

and

and he poore man trauaild with hard Egges in's pocket, to saue the charge of a baite, whilst she was at home with her Plouers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that *Maibery*.

Feth. No more then by name.

May. Hee's a wondrous honest man; lets be merry; will not your mistrisse?-gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

Feth Gree. Yes.

May. Will not your Mistresse make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such legerdemaine had bin acted.

Green. Yes she hath reason for't, for in some countries, where men and women haue good trauailing stomackes, they begin with porredge; then they fall to Capon or so-forth: but if Capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, 'tis their onely course, so for our women in *England*.

May. This wit taking of long iourneys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and sailing to Westminster makes a number of Cuckolds.

Bell. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

Green. Her ring Sir.

May. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't,

Feth. Green. Mony sir.

May. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Troth 'tis of no great valew, and considering the losse, and finding of this ring made breach into your friendship, Gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his loue, I can tell you he keepes a good Table.

Green. What my Mistris gift?

Feth. Faith you are a merry old Gentleman; Ile giue you my part in't.

Green. Troth and mine, with your promise to conceale it from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet?

Green. No Sir.

May. He shall neuer then I protest: looke you this ring doth fitte me passing well.

Feth. I am glad we haue fitted you.

May. This walking is wholesome, I was a cold euen now, now I sweat for't,

Feth.

Feth. Shalls walke into the Garden *Luke.* Gentlemen weele downe and haſten ſupper.

May. Looke you, we muſt be better acquainted that's all.

Exeunt Green. and Feth.

Green. Moſt willingly; Excellent, hee's heat to the proofe, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to raue a little.

May. Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Bell. How now man?

May. I am fooliſh old *Maybery*, and yet I can be wiſe *Maybery* too; Ile to London preſently, begon Sir.

Bell. How, how?

May. Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe miſtake mee Maiſter *Bellamont*; I am not diſtempered, for to know a mans wife is a whore, is to be reſolu'd of it, and to be reſolued of it, is to make no queſtion of it, and when a caſe is out of queſtion; what was I ſaying?

Bell. Why looke you, what a diſtraction are you falne into?

May. If a man be deuorſt, doe you ſee, deuorſt *forma Iuris*, whether may he haue an action or no, gainſt thoſe that make hornes at him?

Bell. O madneſſe! that the frailty of a woman ſhould make a wiſe man thus idle! yet I proteſt to my vnderſtanding, this report ſeemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wiſe and I liſt too: what ſayes my wedding ring?

Bell. Indeed that breeds ſome ſuſpition: for the reſt moſt groſe and open, for two men, both to loue your wife, both to inioy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occaſion in the world, to thruſt vpon you a diſcourſe of a quarrell, with circumſtance ſo diſhoneſt, that not any Gentleman but of the countrie bluſhing, would haue publiſht, I and to name you: doe you know them?

May. Faith now I remember, I haue ſeene them walke muffled by my ſhop.

Bell. Like enough; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt *Ware* and *London*: come ſtriue to blow ouer theſe clowdes.

May.

May. Not a clowd, you shall haue cleane Moone-shine, they haue good smooth lookes the fellowes.

Bell. As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee trusted; will you be merry?

May. Wonderous merry; lets haue some Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a fooliſh tradesman, and yet Ile be a wise tradesman. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-poole, *and* Chartley, *after them* Philip *arrested.*

Phil. Arrest me? at whose sute? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuer-poole,* stay, Ime arrested. *Omn.* Arrested?

1. *Ser.* Gentlemen breake not the head of the peace; its to no purpose, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you see hee's fangd.

Doll. Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em? put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

Phil. Hold *Doll,* thrust not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith streete, and not ith' Tauerne entrie, you Cannibals.

Ser. Wee did it for your credit Sir.

Chart. How much is the debt? Drawer, some wine,

Enter Drawer.

1. *Ser.* Foure score pound: can you send for Baile Sir? or what will you doe? wee cannot stay.

Doll. You cannot, you pasty-footed Rascalls, you will stay one day in hell.

Phil. Foure score pounds drawes deepe; farewell *Doll,* come Serieants, Ile step to mine Vncle not farre off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he shall baile mee: if not, *Chartly* you shall finde me playing at Span-counter, and so farewell. Send meé some Tobacco. 1. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his hands.

2. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his legges. *Exeunt.*

Doll. Ime as melancholy now?

Chart. Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my life some of these sawsie Drawers betrayd him.

Draw. Wee sir! no by Gad Sir, wee scorne to haue a *Iudas* in our company.

Leuer-

Leuer. No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end of all dycing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. Drawer, tye my shoe pry thee: the new knot as thou seest this: *Philip* is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him because heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of Punkes following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out, hast done boy?

Draw. Yes forsooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

Doll. How now good-man rogue.

Draw. Nay sweete Mistresse *Doll.*

Doll. Doll! you reprobate! out you Bawd for seauen yeares by the custome of the Citty.

Draw. Good Mistris *Dorothy*; the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

Doll. Prate you the rotten toothd rascall, will for sixe pence fetch any whore to his maisters customers: and is euery one that swims in a Taffatie gowne Lettis for your lippes? vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen and Drawers, must suck at one Spiggot: Doe you laugh you vnseasonable puck-fist? doe you grin?

Chart. Away Drawer: hold pry thee good rogue, holde my sweete *Doll*, a pox a this swaggering.

Doll. Pox a your gutts, your kidneys; mew: hang yee, rookes I'me as melancholy now as Fleet-streete in a long vacation.

Leuer. Melancholy? come weele ha some mulld Sack.

Doll. When begins the terme?

Chart. Why? hast any suites to be tryed at Westminster?

Doll. My Sutes you base ruffian haue beene tryed at Westminster already: so soone as euer the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it stands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-crosse, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall haue 'em: or if some Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! these *Flemmings* pay soundly for what they take.

Leuer. If thou't haue a lodging West-ward *Doll*, Ile fitte thee.

Doll. At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your prouiding? to bee cal d a Lieutenants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I scorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee mainteined with Prouant and dead

pay? no: the Mercer muſt bee paide, and Sattin gownes muſt bee tane vp.

Chart. And gallon pots muſt be tumbled downe.

Doll. Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—— Are all the Queſt-houſes broken vp?

Leuer. Yes long ſince: what then?

Doll. What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for thoſe poore wenches that before Chriſtmaſſe fled Weſt-ward with bag and baggage, come now ſailing alongſt the lee ſhore with a Northerly winde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light, ſneakingly.

Chart. But *Doll*, whats the plot thou ſpakſt off?

Doll. Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-ſtinckers, and ſuch like, are ſtill buzzing where ſweete meates are (like Flyes) but they make any fleſh ſtinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue thoſe fellowes therefore in the hands of their Landreſſes: Siluer is the Kings ſtampe, man Gods ſtampe, and a woman is mans ſtampe, wee are not currant till wee paſſe from one man to another. *Both*: Very good.

Doll I will therefore take a faire houſe in the Citty: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maiſter: it ſhall be in trade ſtill, for I know diuerſe Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-houſe. It ſhall then bee giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of ſuch a birth, ſuch a wealth, haue had ſuch a breeding, and ſo foorth, and of ſuch a carriage, and ſuch quallities, and ſo forth: to ſet it off the better, old *Iack Hornet* ſhall take vppon him to bee my Father.

Leuer. Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and ſo forth.

Doll. For that, Saint *Martins* and wee will talke: I know vve ſhall haue Gudgions bite preſently: if they doe boyes, you ſhall liue like Knights fellowes; as occaſion ſerues, you ſhall vveare liueries and vvaite, but vvhen Gulls are my winde-falls, you ſhall be Gentlemen, and keepe them company: ſeeke out *Iack Hornet* incontinently.

Leuer. Wee will: come [illegible] vveele playe our partes I warrant.

Doll. Doe so:---
The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow:
To day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maybery, Bellamont, *and a Prentice.*

May. Where is your Mistris, villaine? when went she abroad?

Prent. Abroad Sir, why assoone as she was vp Sir.

May. Vp Sir, downe Sir, so sir: Maister *Bellamont*, I will tell you a strange secret in Nature, this boy is my wiues bawd.

Bell. O fie sir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like a Bawde, he has no double chin.

Pren. No sir, nor my breath does not stinke, I smell not of Garlick or *Aqua-vitæ*: I vse not to bee drunke with Sack and Sugar: I sweare not God dam me, if I know vvhere the party is, when 'tis a lye and I doe know: I was neuer Carted (but in harueſt) neuer vvhipt but at Schoole: neuer had the Grincoms: neuer sold one Maiden-head ten seuerall times, first to an *Englishman*, then to a *Welshman*, then to a *Dutchman*, then to a pockie *Frenchman*, I hope Sir I am no Bawd then.

May. Thou art a *Babeune*, and holdst me with trickes, vvhilst my Wife grafts, grafts, away, trudge, run, search her out by land, and by water.

Pren. Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that Ile search her by water, for it may be shees gone to *Brainford*. *Exit.*

Mayb. Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

Bell. One of your Aunts, are you mad?

Mayb. Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled, troubled.

Bel. Ile chide you: goe too, Ile chide you soundly.

May. Oh maister *Bellamont*!

Bel. Oh Maister *Maybery*! before your Seruant to daunce a Lancashire Horne-pipe: it shewes worse to mee, then dancing does to a deafe man that sees not the fiddles: Sfoot you talke like a Player.

Mayb. If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Asse, and knowes not vvhat hee talkes, then Ime one: you are a Poet Maister *Bellamont*, I vvill bestow a piece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor please Gentlemen.

Bella. I thinke it would: yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles: I wud giue two peeces of Plate, to haue you ſtand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part: Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither: you weare yellow hoſe without cauſe.

May. With-out cauſe, when my Mare beares double: without cauſe? *Bell.* And without wit.

May. When two Virginall Iacks skip vp, as the key of my inſtrument goes downe! *Bel.* They are two wicked elders.

May. When my wiues ring does ſmoake for't.

Bell. Your wiues ring may deceiue you.

May. O Maiſter *Bellamont*! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it ſhould neuer haue greeued mee.

Bel. You wrong her vpon my ſoule.

Mai. No, ſhe wrongs me vpon her body.

Enter a Seruingman.

Bel. Now blew-bottle? what flutter you for Sea-pye?

Ser. Not to catch fiſh Sir, my young Maiſter, your ſonne maiſter *Philip* is taken priſoner. *Bel.* By the *Dunkirks*.

Ser. Worſe: by Catch-polls: hee's encountred.

Bel. Shall I neuer ſee that prodigall come home.

Ser. Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calfe for him. *Bel.* For how much lyes he?

Ser. The debt is foure ſcore pound, marry he chargde mee to tell you it was foure ſcore and ten, ſo that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.

Bel. His childs part ſhal now be paid, this mony ſhalbe his laſt, & this vexation the laſt of mine: if you had ſuch a ſonne maiſter *Maiberie*. *Mai.* To ſuch a wife, twere an excellent couple.

Bel. Releaſe him, and releaſe me of much ſorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more: goe redeeme him. *Enter Prentice and Prent.* Here's the party Sir. *Maiberies wife.*

Mai. Hence, and lock faſt the dores, now is my prize.

Prent. If ſhe beate you not at your owne weapon, wud his Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exit.*

Bel. I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

Mai. No, I will like a Iuſtice of peace, grow to the point: are not you a whore: neuer ſtart: thou art a Cloth-worker, and haſt vnmand me.

Wife.

Wife. How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?

May. Into a Ciuill Suite: into a ſober beaſt: a Land-rat, a Cuckold: thou art a common bedfellow, art not? art not?

Wif. Sir this Language, to me is ſtrange, I vnderſtand it not.

May. O! you ſtudie the french now.

Wife. Good Sir, lend me patience.

May. I made a ſallade of that herbe: doeſt ſee theſe fleſh-hookes, I could teare out thoſe falſe eyes, thoſe Cats eyes, that can ſee in the night: punck I could.

Bel. Heare her anſwer for her ſelfe.

VVif. Good Maiſter *Bellomont*,
Let him not do me violence: deere Sir,
Should any but your ſelfe ſhoote out theſe names,
I would put off all female modeſty,
To be reueng'd on him.

May. Know'ſt thou this ring? there has bin old running at the ring ſince I went.

VVife. Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,
That ſtole it from my hand: he was a villayne:
That put it into yours.

May. They were no villaynes,
When they ſtood ſtoutly for me: tooke your part:
And ſtead of collours fought vnder my ſheetes.

Wife. I know not what you meane.

May. They lay with the: I meane plaine dealing.

Wife. With me! if euer I had thought vncleane,
In deteſtation of your nuptiall pillow:
Let *Sulpher* drop from Heauen, and naile my body
Dead to this earth: that ſlaue, that damned fury
(Whoſe whips are in your tongue to torture me)
Caſting an eye vnlawfull on my cheeke,
Haunted your thre-ſhold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baytes which luſt and credulous youth,
Apply to our fraile ſex: but thoſe being weake
The ſecond ſeige he layd was in ſweete wordes.

May. And then the breach was made.

Bel. Nay, nay, heare all.

Wife. At laſt he takes me ſitting at your doore,

Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes
(Back to reſtore it ſtraight) he won my hand,
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.
I did demand it, but he mad with rage
And with deſires vnbrideled, ſled and vow'd,
That ring ſhould mee vndo: and now belike
His ſpells haue wrought on you. But I beſeech you,
To dare him to my face, and in meane time
Deny me bed-roome, driue me from your board,
Diſgrace me in the habit of your ſlaue,
Lodge me in ſome diſcomfortable vault
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my ſight,
Till of this ſlander I my ſoule acquite.
Bel. Guiltleſſe vpon my ſoule.
May. Troth ſo thinke I.
I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppoſ'd they drew in mine: my ſtreame of ielozy,
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horſe
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now ſpy my error:
Villaines you haue abuſ'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads: driue in your teares
I take your word ya're honeſt, which good men,
Very good men will ſcarce do to their wiues.
I will bring home theſe ſerpents and allow them,
The heate of mine owne boſome: wife I charge you
Set out your hauiours towards them in ſuch collours,
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it ſo,
Ile candy o're my words, and ſleeke my brow,
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile embrace 'em
And with this—go too.
Wife. Oh we ſhall haue murder—you kill my heart.
May. No: I will ſhed no bloud,
But I will be reueng'd, they that do wrong
Teach others way to right: Ile fetch my blow
Faire and a far off, and as Feneers vſe
Tho at the foote I ſtrike, the head Ile bruize.

Enter Philip *and ſeruant* Bel.

Bel. Ile ioyne with you : lets walke: oh! heres my Sonne. Welcome a shore Sir : from whence come you pray.

Pil. From the house of praier and fasting---the Counter.

Bel. Art not, thou asham'd to bee seene come out of a prison.

Pil. No Gods my Iudge, but I was asham'd to goe into prison.

Bel. I am told sir, that you spend your credit and your coine vpon a light woman.

Phil. I ha seene light gold sir, passe away amongst Mercers.

Bel. And that you haue layd thirty or fortie pounds vpon her back in taffaty gownes, and silke petticoates.

Phil. None but Taylors will say so, I nere lay'd any thing vpon her backe: I confesse I tooke vp a petticoate and a raiz'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that?

May. Mary that has euery body Maister *Philip*.

Bel. Leaue her company, or leaue me, for shee's a woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is *Dorothy* sir, I hope thats no il name.

Bel. What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. Sbloud sir what does he with her?

Bel. Doest meane to marry her? of what birth is shee? what are her commings in, what does she liue vpon?

Phillip. Rents sir, Rents, shee liues vpon her Rents, and I can haue her.

Bel. You can.

Phil. Nay father, if destiny dogge mee I must haue her: you haue often tould mee the nine Muses are all women, and you deale with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you so many? looke you Sir, the Northerne man loues white-meates, the Southery man Sallades, the Essex man a Calfe, the Kentishman a Wag-taile, the Lancashire man an Egg-pie, the Welshman Leekes and Cheese, and your Londoners rawe Mutton, so Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

Bell. Stay, looke you Sir', as hee that liues vpon Sallades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, (for hee eates

grasse:

graſſe you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an Aſſe, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will haue leane cheekes, ſo, thou fooliſh Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue like a foole and a ſlaue, and to die like a begger and a knaue, come Maiſter *Maiberie*, farewell boy.

Phil. Farewell father Snot ---- Sir if I haue her, Ile ſpend more in muſtard & vineger in a yeare, then both you in beefe.

Both. More ſaucy knaue thou. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. *Scena.* 1.

Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole *and* Chartly *like ſeruingmen.*

Horn. AM I like a fidlers baſe violl (new ſet vp,) in a good caſe boies? iſt neate, is it terſe! am I hanſome? ha!

Omn. Admirable, excellent.

Dol. An vnder ſheriffe cannot couer a knaue more cunningly.

Leuer. Sfoot if he ſhould come before a Church-warden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords ſteward at leaſt.

Horn. If I had but a ſtaffe in my hand, fooles wud thinke I were one of *Simon* and *Iudes* gentlemen vſhers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they ſay three Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but Ime ſure I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuaſt well, yet tis no law-ſuite, for twas diſpatcht ſooner than a poſſet on a wedding night.

Dol. Why I tel thee Iack *Hornet*, if the Diuel and all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob, they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted thee thus.

Horn. Punck, I ſhall bee a ſimple father for you: how does my chaine ſhow now I walke.

Dol. If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldſt not ſhow better.

Chart. But how ſit our blew-coates on our backes.

Dol. As they do vpon banckrout retainers backes at Saint *Georges* feaſt in *London*: but at *VVeſtminſter*, It makes 'em ſcorne the badge of their occupation: there the bragging velure-canions hobbi-horſes, praunce vp and downe as if ſome a the Tilters had ridden 'em.

Hor. Nay Sfoot, if they be banckrouts, tis like ſome haue ridden 'em,

'em: and there-vpon the Cittizens Prouerbe rises, when hee sayes; he trusts to a broken staffe.

Doll. *Hornet*, now you play my Father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.

Horn. I will looke grauely *Doll*, (doe you see boyes) like the fore-man of a Iury: and speake wisely like a Lattin Schoolemaister, and be surly and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of a prison.

Leuer. You must lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

Horn. No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer: when I hem boyes, you shall duck: when I cough and spit gobbets *Doll.*

Doll. The pox shall be in your lungs *Hornet.*

Hor. No *Doll*, these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

Doll, All the lessons that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the Wether-cock of my body turnes towards them, to stand bare.

Horn. And not to be sawcie as Seruing-men are.

Char. Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take vs for.

Dol If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, fresh Salmon you sweete villaines shall be no meate with vs.

Horn. Sfoot nothing mooues my choller, but that my chaine is Copper: but tis no matter, better men than old *Iack Hornet* haue rode vp Holburne, with as bad a thing about their neckes as this: your right whiffler indeed hangs himselfe in Saint *Martins*, and not in *Cheape-side.*

Doll. Peace, some-body rings: run both, whilst he has the the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.

Horn. But what ghosts (hold vp my fine Girle) what ghosts haunts thy house?

Doll. Oh! why diuerse: I haue a Clothiers Factor or two; a Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a *Welsh* Gaptaine that laies hard seege, a *Dutch* Marchãt, that would spend al that he's able to make ith' low countries, but to take measure of my Holland sheetes when I lye in 'em: I heare trampling: 'tis my Flemish Hoy.

Enter Leuerpoole, Chartly, *and* Hans van Belch.

Hans. Dar is voz you, and voz you: een, twea, drie, vier, and

vive schilling, drinke Skellum vplie freese: nempt, dats a drinck gelt.

Lener. Till our crownes crack agen Maister *Hans-van Belch.*

Hans. Yow ist met you, how ist bro? brolick?

Doll. Ick bare well God danke you: Nay Ime an apt scholler and can take.

Hans. Datt is good, dott is good: Ick can nát stay long: for Ick heb en skip come now vpon de bater: O mine schomen bro, wee sall dance lanteera, teera, and sing Ick brincks to you min here, dan: ---wat man is dat bro.

Hor. Nay pray sir on.

Hans Wat honds foot is dat Dorothy.

Doll Tis my father.

Hans. Gotts Sacrament! your bader! why seyghen you niet so to me! mine heart tis mine all great desire, to call you mine bader ta for Ick loue dis schonen bro pour dochterkin.

Hor. Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

Hans. Ick bedanck you: Ick heb so ghe founden bader.

Harn. Whats your name I pray.

Hans. Mun nem bin Hans van Belch.

Horn. Hans Van Belch!

Hans. Pau, pau, tis so, tis so, de dronken man is alteet remenber me.

Horn. Doe you play the marchant, sonne *Belch.*

Hans. Pau bader: Ick heb de skip swim now vpon de bater if you endouty, goe vp in de little Skip dat goe so, and bee puld vp to Wapping, Ick sal beare you on my backe, and hang you about min neck into min groet Skip.

Horn. He Sayes *Doll*, he would haue thee to Wapping and hang thee.

Doll. No Father I vnderstand him, but maister *Hans*, I would not be seene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his Iewell, for any gold.

Horn. Is your father liuing Maister *Hans.*

Hans. Pau, pau, min bader heb schonen husen in Ausburgh groet mine heare is mine baders broder, mine bader heb land, and bin full of fee, dat is beasts, cattell

Char. He's lowzy be-like.

Han-

Hans. Min vader bin de groteſt fooker in all Ausbrough.

Dol. The greateſt what?

Leuer. Fooker he ſaies.

Dol. Out vpon him.

Han. Paw paw, fooker is en groet min here hees en elderman vane Citty, gots ſacrament, wat is de clock: Ick met ſtap. *A watch.*

Her. Call his watch before you, if you can.

Doll. Her's a pretty thing: do theſe wheeles ſpin vp the houres! whats a clock.

Han. Acht: yaw tis acht.

Dol. We can heare neither clock, nor Iack going, wee dwell in ſuch a place that I feare I ſhall neuer finde the way to Church, becauſe the bells hang ſo farre; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

Hans. Seghen ynu ſo, doe it to.

Doll. O fie: *I* doe but ieſt, for in trueth I could neuer abide a watch.

Han. Gotts ſacrament, Ick niet heb it any moze.

Exeunt Leuer-poole *and* Chartly.

Dol. An other peale! good father Ianch out this hollander.

Horn. Come Maiſter *Belch*, I will bring you to the water-ſide, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

Han. Ick bedanck you vader. *Exit.*

Doll. They ſay Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a Manaſſes is this to buy twelue houres ſo deerely, and then bee begd out of 'em ſo eaſily? heele be out at heeles ſhortly ſure for he's out about the clockes already: O fooliſh young man how doeſt thou ſpend thy time?

Enter Leuer-poole *firſt, then* Allom *and* Chartly.

Leur. Your grocer.

Dol. Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune: I may cauſe ſuch leaden-heeld raſcalls; out of my ſight: a knife, a knife I ſay: O Maiſter *Allom*, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me, vndo me.

Allo. Sweete miſtris *Dorothy*, what ſhould you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maiſters! knife God bleſſe vs.

Leu. Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

Do. Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace: I'me so vext! my father hee's ridde to Court: one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight; and one of his men (like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee showes not his head; sure he's run away, or robd & run thorough; and here was a scriuener but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, what wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom*. Such crosse fortune!

Allo. How much is the bond?

Chart. O rare little villaine.

Dol. My father could take vp, vpon the bareneſſe of his word fiue hundred pound: and fiue toe.

Allom. What is the debt?

Dol. But hee scornes to bee---and I scorne to bee--

Allom. Pree thee sweete Mistris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

Dol. Alas Maister *Allom*, tis but poore fifty pound.

Allo. If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me: another time ile run as far in your bookes.

Dol. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindneſſe: but when my father ----------

All. Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking: Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

Dol. Betweene one and two. *Leue.* That's wee thre.

Allom. Let one of your men goe along, and Ile send your fifty pound!

Dol. You so bind mee sir, -----goe sirra: Maister *Allom*, I ha some quinces brought from our house ith Country to preserue, when shall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Suger at such an excessiue rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, sir do you not.

Al You shal haue a whole chest of Sugar if you please.

Dol. Nay by my faith foure or fiue loues wil be enough, and Ile pay you at my first child Maister *Allom*.

Allom. Content ifaith, your man shall bring all vnder one, ile borrow a kisse of you at parting.

Enter Captaine Iynkins.

Dol.

Dol. You shall sir, I borrow more of you. *Ex. Allo. & Len.*

Chart. Saue you Captaine.

Dol. Welcome good captaine *Iynkins.*

Captaine. What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that dreſt your lippes ſo.

Dol. A Barber! hee's may Taylor; I bidde him meaſure how hie, hee would make the ſtanding coller of my new Taffatie Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe ſawcie and lickeriſh, laid mee ore the lippes.

Captaine. Vds bloud ile laie him croſſe vpon his coxcomb next daie.

Dol. You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to ſtand with a knaue, for a ſmall matter, and ſo I wud not ſtriue with him, onelie to be rid of him.

Capt. if I take Maiſter prick-louſe ramping ſo hie againe, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell) ile make him know how to kiſſe your blind cheekes ſooner: miſtris *Dorothy* Hornet, I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to licke at Cowſherds, but to ſting ſuch ſhreds of raſcallity: will you ſing a Tailor ſhall haue mee my ioy?

Dol. Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing! a Taylor! foh.

Capt. Of what ſtature or ſiſe haue you a ſtomach to haue your huſband now?

Dol. Of the meaneſt ſtature Captaine, not a ſize longer than your ſelfe, nor ſhorter.

Cap. By god, tis wel ſaid all your beſt Captaine in the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Miſtris Dol?

Dol. Becauſe your ſmalleſt Arrowes flie fartheſt; ah you little hard-fauord villaine, but ſweete villaine, I loue thee becauſe thou't draw a my ſide, hang the roague that will not fight for a woman.

Cap. Vds blould, and hange him for vrſe than a roague that will ſlaſh and cut for an oman, if ſhe be a whore.

Dol. Pree the good Captaine *Iynkins*, teach mee to ſpeake ſome welch, mee thinkes a Welchmans tongue is the neareſt tongue!——

Cap. As any tongue in the vrld, vnleſſe *Cramacrees*, that's vrſe.

Dol. How do you say, I loue you with all my heart.

Cap. *Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *Mi cara whee, en hel-hound.*

Cap. *Hel-hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.*

Dol. *O, my cara whee en hellon.*

Cap. Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty score yeare in *Wales*, by Sesu, you cannot haue better vttrance, for welch.

Dol. Come tit mee, come tat mee, come throw a kisse at me, how is that?

Cap. By gad I kanow not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are, but *mee natha* ——— Sbloud I know what kisses be, as wel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shropsheere cariers, you shal haue Welch enough in your pellies forty weekes.

Dol. Say Captaine that I should follow your collours into your Country how should I fare there?

Cap. Fare? by Sesu, O there is the most abominable seere! and wider siluer pots to drinck in, and softer peds to lie vpon & do our necessary pusines, and fairer houses, and parkes, & holes for Conies, and more money, besides tosted Sees and buttermilke in *Northwales* diggon: besides, harpes & Welch Freeze, and Goates, and Cow-heeles, and Metheglin, ouh, it may be set in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

Dol. Not with your Shrop-sheire cariers, Captaine.

Cap. Will you go with Captaine *Ienkin* and see his Couzen *Maddoc* vpon *Ienkin* there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, & batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

Dol. Bestow your Coach vpon me, & two young white Mares, and you shall see how Ile ride.

Cap. Will you? by all the leekes that are worne on Saint Dauies daie I will buy not only a Coach, with foure wheeles, but also a white Mare and a stone horse too, because they shal traw you, very lustily, as if the diuill were in their arses. *Exit.*

How novv, more Tailors ——— *Meetes Phillip.*

Phi. How sir; Taylors.

Dol. O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

Enter Leuerpoole at another dore.

Cap.

Cap. Is he, I will Couzen you then sir too, one day.

Phil. I hope sir then to Couzen you too.

Cap. By gad I hobe so, fare-well *Sidanien.* *Exit.*

Louer. Her's both money, and suger.

Dol. O sweete villaine, set it vp. *Exit, and Enter presently.*

Phil. Sfoot, what tame suaggerer was this I met *Doll.*

Dol. A Captaine, a Captaine: but hast scap't the *Dunkerks* honest *Philip*? *Philip* ryalls are not more welcome: did thy father pay the shot?

Phil. He pai'd that shot, and then shot pistolets into my pockets: harke wench: chinck chink, makes the punck wanton and the Baud to winck. *Capers.*

Chart. O rare musick.

Louer. Heauenly consort, better than old *Moones.*

Phil. But why? why *Dol*, goe these two like Beadells in blew? ha?

Doll. Theres a morrall in that: flea off your skins, you pretious Caniballs: O that the welch Captaine were here againe, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan, sirra *Philip* has thy father any plate in's house.

Phil. Enough to set vp a Gold-smithes shop.

Dol. Canst not borrow some of it? wee shall haue guests to morrow or next day, and I wud serue the hungry rag-a-muffins in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

Phil. I shall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine Aunts, to beate the bush for mee, and she might get the bird.

Dol. Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts, and doe it for me then. As I me vertuous and a Gentlewoman ile restore.

Phil. Say no more tis don.

Dol. What manner of man is thy father? Sfoot ide faine see the witty Monky because thou sayst he's a Poet: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Louer-poole* or *Chartly*, shall like my Gentleman vsher goe to him, and say such a Lady sends for him, about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some deuice about a maske or so; if he comes you shall stand in a corner, and see in what State ile beare my selfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging. *Phil.* No, no.

Dol.

Doll. Ist a match Sirs? shalls be mery with him and his muse.

Omn. Agreed, any scaffold to execute knauery vpon.

Doll. Ile send then my vant-currer presently: in the meane time, marche after the Captaine, scoundrels, come hold me vp: Looke how *Sabrina* sunck ith' riuer *Seuerne*,
So will we foure be drunke ith' ship-wrack Tauerne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, *and Mistresse* Maybery.

May. Come Wife, our two gallants will be here presently: I haue promist them the best of entertainment, with protestation neuer to reueale to thee their slander: I will haue thee beare thy selfe, as if thou madest a feast vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day, to country Gentlewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them extreamly welcome, though thou wish their throats cut; 'tis in fashion. *Wife* O God I shall neuer indure them.

Bell. Indure them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it may be many womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands backs turn'd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to *Greeneshield*, as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely, not taking any notice of his iourney: theile put more tricks vpon you: you told me *Greeneshield* meanes to bring his Sister to your house, to haue her boord here.

May. Right, shee's some crackt demy-culuerin, that hath miscaried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not. *Wife* Lord was there euer such a husband?

May. Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run at large, in Ordinaries and Cock-pits; though the Knaues doe lye, I tell you Maister *Bellamont*, lyes that come from sterne lookes, and Sattin out-sides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp and goe for currant. (mans discredit.

Bell. Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull wo-

May. I will therefore vse them like informing knaues, in this kinde, make vp their mouthes with siluer, and after bee reueng'd vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: & it were not for law suites: and feare of our wiues, we rich men should

ſhould grow out of all compaſſe: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiues colour riſes already.

Green. You haue not made her acquainted with the diſcouery.

May. O by no meanes: yee ſee Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new acquaintance, your lips wife, any womã may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis alowable.

Wife. You are very welcome; I thinke it be neere dinner time Gentlemen: Ile will the maide to couer, and returne preſently.

Bell. Gods pretious why doth ſhe leaue them? *Exit.*

May. O I know her ſtomack: ſhee is but retirde into another chamber, to eaſe her heart with crying a little: it hath euer bin her humor, ſhe hath done it 5. or 6. times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene heare, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet euery returne laught and bin as merry: & how is it Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not? (chamber.

Gree. I had a dellicate banquet once on that table.

May. In good time: but you are better acquainted with my bed

Bell. Were the cloath of gold Cuſhins ſet forth at your entertainement? *Feth.* Yes Sir.

May. And the cloath of Tiſſew Valance.

Feth. They are very rich ones. (furniture.

May. God refuſe me, they are lying Raſcols, I haue no ſuch

Green. I proteſt it was the ſtrangeſt, and yet with-all the happieſt fortune that wee ſhould meete you two at *Ware*, that euer redeemed ſuch deſolate actions: I would not wrong you agen for a million of *Londons*.

May. No, do you want any money? or if you be in debt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subſidie, command mee.

Feth. Alas good Gentleman; did you euer read of the like pacience in any of your ancient *Romans*?

Bel. You ſee what a ſweet face in a Veluet cap can do, your cittizẽs wiues are like Partriges, the hens are better thẽ the cocks.

Feth. I beleeue it in troth, Sir you did obſerue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her ſelfe, when ſhe ſaw vs enter.

Bell Right.

Feth. For thus much I muſt ſpeake in allowance of her modeſtie, when I had her moſt priuate ſhe would bluſh extreamely.

Bell. I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife. *Feth.* Introth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiously giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to hubsbands though gentlemen gaue the first onset.

Feth. You are a merry ould gentleman in faith Sir: much like to this was her langwage.

Bell. And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bosome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuels; and invited you by letter to her lodging.

Fet. Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

May. Ile goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring; and twill quit all suspition. *Exit.*

Feth. Dost heare *Luke Greeshield* wil thy wife by here presently.

Green. *May.* I left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God prouides; for if this cittizen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sister, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolted; weele make more vse of him, the whoreso rich Inkeeper of *Doncaster* her father shewed himselfe a ranke ostler: to send her vp at this time a yeare; and and by the carier too; twas but a iades trike of him.

Feth. But haue you instructed her to call you brother.

Green. Yes and shele do it, I left her at Bosomes Inne, sheele be here, presently. *Enter Maybery.*

May. Maister *Greeneshield* your sister is come; my wife is entertaining her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already, Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greeneshield*, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in More feilds where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your seuerall lodgings and Iointcommons (to the poore ability of a cittizen) shalbe prouided. *Feth.* O God Sir.

May. Nay no complement your loues comand it: shalls to dinner Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* Ile be the Gentleman vsher to this faire Lady.

Gree. Here is your ring Mistris; a thousand times, ——and would

would haue willingly loſt my beſt of maintenance that I might haue found you halfe ſo tractable.

Wif. Sir I am ſtill my ſelfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpõ my husbãd, he is much deceaued in you I take it: will you go in to dinner—O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husbãd ide ſcratch out his eyes preſẽtly. *Ex.*

Fet. Welcome to Londõ bonny miſtris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath paſt betwene thee & I Kate.

Kate. Noe matter if hee did: he ran away from me like a baſe ſlaue as he was, out of *Yorke-ſhire*, and pretended he would goe the Iland voiage, ſince I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertayning a friend, that am vſed ſo like an Infidel?

Fe. I think not, but if your husbãd knew of this he'd be deuorſt.

Kat. Hee were an aſſe then, no, wiſemen ſhould deale by their wiues as the ſale of ordinance paſſeth in *Englãd*, if it breake the firſt diſcharge the workman is at the leſſe of it, if the ſecond the Marchant, & the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, ſo in our caſe, if a woman proue falſe the firſt yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the ſecond, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if ſhe hould pure mettaile two yeare & flie to ſeueral peeces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honeſty at your charges, for the beſt peece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the caſting, and for women to haue cracks and flaues, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any things about *Londõ* doth he ſwagger?

Feth. O as tame as a fray in Fleeteſtreete, when their are nobody to part them.

Ra. I euer thought ſo, we haue notable valiant fellowes about Doncaſter, theile giue the lie and the ſtab both in an inſtant.

Feth. You like ſuch kind of man-hood beſt Kate.

Rat. Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her friẽd, had rather haue him ſtand by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why muſt I be quarterd at this Cittizens garden houſe, ſay you.

Fe. The diſcouſe of that wil ſet thy bloud on fire to be reuẽgd on thy husbands forhead peece. *Ent.* Bella. *& Maiſt.* Maybe.

Wif. Wil you go in to dinner ſir? *Rat.* Wil you lead the way

Wif. No ſweete forſothe weele follow you. (forſoth?

O Maister *Bellamont*: as euer you tooke pitty vpon the simplicity of a poore abused gentlewoman: wil you tell me one thing.

Bell. Any thing sweet Mistris *Mayberrie*.

Wife. I but will you doe it faithfully?

Bell. As I respect your acquaintance I shall doe it.

Wife. Tell me then I beseech you, doe not you thinke this minx is some naughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.

Bell. No vpon my life is she not,

Wife. O I cannot beleeue it, I know by her eies she is not honest, why should my husband proffer them such kindnes? that haue abused him and me; so intollerable: and will not suffer me to speake; theres the hellont not suffer me to speake.

Bell. Fie fie, he doth that like a vserer, that will vse a man with all kindnes, that he may be careless of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after-wards take the extremitie of the forfature; your iealousie is Idle: say this were true, it lies in the bosome of a sweete wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from Iealosie, from couituousnes from crabbednes, which is the old mans common disease, by her politicke yealding.

Bell. She maye doe it from crabednes, for example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a fetherbed,------come to diner,

Wife. Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vncle.

Bell. Suspition workes more mischiefe growes more strong,
To seuer chast beds then aparant wrongs. *Exit.*

ACTVS 3. SÆNA 1.

Enter Doll, Chartly Leuerpoole *and* Phillip.

Phil. Come my little Punke with thy two Compositors to this vnlawfull painting house, thy pounders a my old poeticall dad wilbe here presently; take vp thy State in this chayre, and beare thy selfe as if thou wert talking to thy pottecary after the receipt of a purgation: looke scuruily vpon him: sometimes be merrie and stand vppon thy pantoffles like a new elected scauinger.

Dol.

Doll. And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his ſtaues foule before his Miſtriſſe.

Phil. Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count: harke vpon my life hee's come.

Doll. See who knocks: thou ſhalt ſee mee make a foole of a Poet, that hath made fiue hundred fooles.

Leuer. Pleaſe your new Lady-ſhip hee's come.

Doll. Is hee? I ſhould for the more ſtate let him walke ſome two houres in an vtter roome: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of faſhion; but come enter him: Stay, when we are in priuate conference ſend in my Tayler.

Enter Bellamont *brought in by* Leuerpoole.

Leuer. Looke you my Ladie's a ſleepe, ſheele wake preſently.

Bell. I come not to teach a Starling ſir, God-boy-you.

Leuer. Nay in trueth Sir, if my Lady ſhould but dreame you had beene heare.

Doll. Who's that keepes ſuch a prating?

Leuer. 'Tis I Madam.

Doll. Ile haue you preferd to be a Cryer: you haue an exlent throate for't: pox a the Poet is he not come yet?

Leuer. Hee's here Madam.

Doll. Crie you mercy: I ha curſt my Monkey for ſhrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worſe I proteſt.

Bel. Tis not in faſhion deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, ſcabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

Dol. So ſir: if you haue a ſweete breath, and doe not ſmell of ſwetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

Bel. I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

Doll. You write the ſweeter verſe a great deale ſir, I haue heard much good of your wit maiſter Poet: you do many deuiſes for Cittizens wiues: I care not greatly becauſe I haue a Citty Laundreſſe already, if I get a Citty Poet too: I haue ſuch a deuiſe for you, and this it is. *Enter Tayler.* O welcome Tayler: do but waite till I diſpatch my Tayler, and Ile diſcouer my deuice to you.

Bell. Ile take my leaue of your Ladiſhip.

Doll. No: I pray thee ſtay: I muſt haue you ſweate for my deuice Maiſter Poet.

Phil. He ſweats already beleeue it.

Dol. A cup of wine there: what faſhion will make a woman haue the beſt bodie Taylor.

Tay. A ſhort dutch waſt with a round cathern-wheele fardingale: a cloſe ſleeue with a cartooſe collour and a pickadell.

Dol. And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maiſter Poet.

Bel. Fowle madam is the moſt light, delicate, & witty feeding.

Dol. Fowle ſayſt thou: I know them that feede of it euery meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are in a kingdome of my credit: haſt thou don Taylor? now to diſcouer my deuice ſir: Ile drinck to you ſir.

Phil. Gods pretious, wee nere thought of her deuice before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

Dol. Ile haue you make 12. poeſies for a dozen of cheeſe trenchers. *Phil.* O horrible!

Bel. In welch madam? *Dol.* Why in welch ſir.

Bel. Becauſe you will haue them ſeru'd in with your cheeſe Ladie.

Dol. I will beſtow them indeede vpon a welch Captaine: one that loues cheeſe better than venſon, for if you ſhould but get 3. or 4. Cheſhire cheeſes and ſet them a running down Hiegate-hill, he would make more haſt after thē than after the beſt kennell of hounds in *England*; what think you of my deuice?

Bel. Fore-god a very ſtrange deuice and a cunning one.

Phil. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bel. You ſhould be a kin to the *Bellamonts*, you giue the ſame Armes madam.

Dol. Faith I paid ſweetely for the cup, as it may be you and ſome other Gentleman haue don for their Armes.

Bel. Ha, the ſame waight: the ſame faſhion: I had three neſt of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at the chriſting of my ſonne *Philip*.

Phil. Your ſonne is come to full age ſir: and hath tane poſſeſſion of the gift of his God-father.

Bel. Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

Phil. No ſir, ile kill no Poet leaſt his ghoſt write ſatires againſt me.

Bella.

Bel. Whats she? a good common welthes woman, shee was borne. *Phil.* For her Country, and has borne her Country.

Bel. Heart of vertue? what make I here?

Phil. This was the party you rail'd on: I keepe no worse cõpany than your selfe father, you were wont to say venery is like vlery that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

Bel. Wherefore come I hither.

Dol. To make a deuice for cheese-trenchers.

Phil. Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your grauity may bee drawne in: white haires may fall into the company of drabs aswell as red beardes into the society of knaues: would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleeue she only kept her cabbin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't. *Dol.* Pree the Poet what doest thou think of me.

Bel. I thinke thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

Dol. Nay sir, I was told you would raile: but what doe you thinke of my deuice sir, nay: but you are not to depart yet Maister Poet: wut sup with me? Ile cashiere all my yong barnicles, & weele talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wisely.

Bel. Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker? thou that doest promise nothing but watchet eyes, bumbast calues and false peryvvigs.

Dol. Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

Bel. O thy vnlucky starre! I must take my leaue of your worshippe I cannot fit your deuice at this instant: I must desire to borrovv a nest of goblets of you: O villanie! I wud some honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith Citty and cary them into some other Country they'd sell better than Beefes and Calues: what a vertuous Citty would this bee then! mary I thinke there would bee a few people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheese-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor? good, good. *Exit.*

Phil. How doest *Doll*? *Doll.* Scuruie, very scuruie.

Lener. Where shalls suppe wench?

Doll. Ile suppe in my bedde: gette you home to your lodging

edging and co me whē I send for you, ô filthy roague that I am.

Phil. How! how, mistris *Dorothy*?

Dol. Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish slops: vds life, ile make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly roague. *Om.* We obserue your Ladiship.

Phi. The puncks in her humer—pax. *Exit.*

Dol. Ile humor you and you pox mee: vds life haue I lien with a *Spaniard* of late, that I haue learnt to mingle such water with my Malago, Other's some scuruie thing or other breeding; how many seuerall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieutenants haue I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes, and now to let bloud when the signe is at the heart? should I send him a letter with some Iewel in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that rereturne a wood-cock pie to their clients, when they send them a Bason and a Eure, I will instantly go and make my selfe drunke, till I haue lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet? *Exit.*

Enter Lep-frog *and* Squirill.

Frog. Now *Squiriel* wilt thou make vs acquainted with the iest thou promist to tell vs of?

Squi. I will discouer it, not as a Darby-shere women discouers her great teeth, in laughter: but softly as a gentlemā courts a wench behind an Arras: and this it is, yong *Greeneshelld* thy Maister with *Greeneshelds* sister lie in my maisters garden-house here in More-fields. *Frog.* Right, what of this?

Squir. Mary sir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for Ime sure he lies with her euery night.

Fro. All this I know, but to the rest.

Squir. I will tell thee, the most pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree in Cuckolds Hauen in a great snow: and this it is, my mistris makes her husband believe that shee walkes in her sleepe a nights, and to confirme this beleefe in him, sondry times shee hath risen out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon frō Chamber to Chamber, opend her chests, touz'd among her linnen, & when he hath wakte & mist her, comming to question why she coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary it was Cats sleepe, for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

Frog. Good; forth.

Suir.

Squir. I ouer-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she promist him that assoone as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marry shee would do it so puritannically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it. *Frog.* Ist possible?

Squir. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witnesse it.

Frog. O intollerable witte, what hold can any mant ake of a womans honesty.

Squi. Hold? no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Staffordshire: stand close I heare her comming. *Enter* Kate.

Kate. What a filthy knaue was the shoo-maker, that made my slippers, what a creaking they keepe: O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband sleepe soundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man, or some-what whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweete *Fetherstone.* *Exit.*

Squi. Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if she do not dub him.

Green. Was there euer any walking spirit, like to my wife? what reason should there bee in nature for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare neither: vdslife, I would laugh if she were in Maister *Fetherstones* Chamber, shee would fright him, Maister *Fetherstone*, Maister *Fetherstone*.

Within Fether. Ha, how now who cals?

Green. Did you leaue your doore open last night?

Feth. I know not, I thinke my boy did.

Green. Gods light shee's there then, will you know the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, rise out of your bed, and see and you can feele her.

Squi He will feele her I warrant you? *Gree.* Haue you her sir?

Feth. Not yet sir, shee's here sir.

Enter Fetherstone *and* Kate *in his armes.*

Green. So I said euen now to my selfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether softly, for feare of waking

her: I neuer knew the like of this before God la, alas poore *Kate*, looke before God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prittie little roague, Ile wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

Feth. O youle make her sicker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou dooſt, now ſweet villaine, *Kate*, *Kate*.

Kate. I longd for the merry thought of a phesant.

Green. She talkes in her sleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it, & eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my ſtomach wambled: till I was ready to ſound, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the ſweeteſt meate me thought.

Squi. O pollitick Miſtriſſe. *Green.* Why *Kate*, *Kate*?

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I beſhrew your hart, Lord where am I?

Green. I pray thee be not frighted.

Kate. O I am ſick, I am ſick, I am ſick, O how my fleſh trembles: oh ſome of the *Angelica* water, I ſhal haue the Mother preſently.

Gree. Hold downe her ſtomach good maiſter *Fetherſtone*, while I fetch ſome. *Exit.* *Feth.* Well diſſembled *Kate*.

Kate. Piſh, I am like ſome of your Ladies that can be ſick when they haue no ſtomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What miſchiuous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to *Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, muſt as well prouide a Cloſet or Back-doore for him, as a Fether-bed.

Feth. Be my troth I pitty thy husband.

Kate. Pitty him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for he weares Sattin: pitty him, he that will pull downe a mans ſigne, and ſet vp hornes, there's law for him.

Feth. Be ſick againe, your husband comes.

Enter Greeneſhield *with a broken ſhin.*

Green. I haue the worſt luck; I thinke I get more bumps and ſhrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's ſhe maiſter *Fetherſtone*.

Feth. Very ill ſir, ſhees troubled with the moother extreamly, I held downe her belly euen now, and I might feele it riſe.

Kate. O lay me in my bed, I beſeech you.

Green.

Gree. I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Doctors in towne can sell it; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may nere claw off againe, how doost wench?

Kate. A little recouerd; alas I haue so troubled that Gentlemã.

Feth. None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

Kate. And I were where I would be in your bed: pray pardon me, wast you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

Squi. Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

Kate. Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thankes for patience. *Green.* Good night Sir.

Feth. You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

Green. A scratch, a scratch. *Exit.*

Feth Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me: Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chase, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then sir he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, weele lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently. *Exit.*

Squi. And Ile take the paines to discouer all this to my maister old *Maybery*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, because they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* lookes. ffoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee insteed of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Leap. O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladyes Chamber. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Bellamont *in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand, his man after him with lights, Standish and Paper.*

Bel. Sirra, Ile speake with none. *Seru.* Not a plaier?

Bel. No tho a Sharer ball,
Ile speake with none altho it be the mouth
Of the big company, Ile speake with none,—away.
Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can in the wryting of a tragedy, make *Cæsar* speake better than euer his ambition could: when I write of *Pompey* I haue *Pompeies* soule within me, and when I personate a worthy Poet, I am then truly my selfe, a poore vnpreferd scholler.

Enter his Man hastily.

Seru. Here's a swaggering fellow sir, that speakes not like a man of gods making, sweares he must speake with you and wil speake with you.

Bel. Not of gods making? what is he? a Cuckold?

Seru. He's a Gentleman sir, by his clothes.

Bel. Enter him and his clothes: clothes sometimes are better Gentlemen than their Maisters. *Ent. the Captaine & the Ser.* is this he? Seeke you me sir.

Cap. I seeke sir, (god plesse you) for a Sentillman, that talkes besides to himselfe when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam, and he's a Poet.

Bel. So sir, it may bee you seeke mee, for Ime sometimes out a my wits. *Cap.* You are a Poet sir, are you.

Bel. Ime haunted with a Fury Sir.

Cap. Pray Maister Poet shute off this little pot-gun, and I wil conjure your Fury: tis well lay you sir, my desires are to haue some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigall composed by your Fury, see you.

Bel. Are you a louer sir of the nine Muses.

Cap. O.v, by gad out a cry. *Cap.* Y'are then a scholler sir.

Cap. I ha pickt vp my cromes in Sesus colledge in Oxford one day a gad while agoe.

Bel. Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome, Ile borrow your Iudgement looke you sir, Ime writyng a Tragedy, the Tragedy of young *Astianax*.

Cap. *Styanax* Tragedy! is he liuing can you tell? was not *Stianax* a *Mon-mouth* man?

Bel. O no sir, you mistake, he was a *Troyane* great *Hectors* Son.

Cap.

Cap. Hector was grannam to Cadwallader, when shee was great with child, god vdge me, there was one young *Styanan* of *Mon-mouth* sheire was a madder greeke as any is in al *Englād*.

Bel. This was not he assure yee: looke you sir, I will haue this Tragedy presented in the *French* Court, by *French* Gallants.

Cap. By god your *Frenchmen* will doe a Tragedy enterlude, poggy well.

Bel. It shalbe sir at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans*, and *Chatilion* the admiral of *France*, the stage.

Cap. Vds bloud, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France* now.

Bel. O sir no, they are two seuerall marriages. As I was saying the stage hung all with black veluet, and while tis acted, my self wil stād behind the Duke of *Biron*, or some other cheefe minion or so, — who shall, I they shall take some occasion about the musick of the fourth Act, to step to the *French* King, and say, *Sire, voyla, il et votre treshumble seruiteur, le plu sage, è diuine espirit, monsieur Bellamont*, all in *French* thus poynting at me, or yon is the learned old *English* Gentleman Maister *Bellamont*, a very worthie man, to bee one of your priuy Chamber, or Poet Lawreat.

Cap. But are you sure Duke Pepper-noone wil giue you such good vrdes, behind your back to your face.

Bel. Oh I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

Cap. God vdge mee, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

Bel. I am now wryting the description of his death.

Cap. Did he die in his ped.

Bel. You shall heare: suspition is the Mynion of great hearts, no: I will not begin there: I imagine a great man were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

Capt. As it might bee *Sampson* or so, or great *Golias* that was kild by my Countriman.

Bel. Right sir, thus I expresse it in yong *Astianax*.

Now the wilde people greedy of their griefes,
Longing to see, that which their thoughts abhord,
Preuented day, and rod on their owne rooses,

Cap. Could the little horſe that ambled on the top of Paules, cary all the people; els how could they ride on the roofes!

Bel. O ſir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,
Rod on their owne roofes,
Making all Neighboring houſes tilde with men; tilde with men 'iſt not good.

Cap. By Seſu, and it were tilde all with naked Imen twere better.

Bel. You ſhall heare no more; pick your eares, they are fowle ſir, what are you ſir pray?

Cap. A Captaine ſir, and a follower of god *Mars*.

Bel. *Mars*, *Bachus*, and I loue *Apollo*! a Captaine! then I pardon your ſir, and Captaine what wud you preſſe me for?

Cap. For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I am falne in with all, ouer head and eares in affections, and naturall deſires.

Bel. An Acroſtick were good vpon her name me thinkes.

Cap. Croſſe ſticks: I wud not be too croſſe Maiſter Poet; yet if it bee beſt to bring her name in queſtion, her name is miſtris *Dorothy Hornet*.

Bel. The very conſumption that waſts my Sonne, and the Ayme that hung lately vpon mee: doe you loue this Miſtris *Dorothy*?

Cap. Loue her! there is no Captaines wife in *England*, can haue more loue put vpon her, and yet Ime ſure Captaines wiues, haue their pellies full of good mens loues.

Be. And does ſhe loue you? has there paſt any great matter betweene you?

Cap. As great a matter, as a whole coach, and a horſe and his wife are gon too and fro betweene vs.

Bel. Is ſhee? ifayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell trueth, is ſhe honeſt?

Cap. Honeſt? god vdge me, ſhee's as honeſt, as a Punck, that cannot abide fornication, and lechery.

Bel. Looke you Captaine, Ile ſhew you why I aske, I hope you thinke my wenching daies are paſt, yet Sir, here's a letter that her father, brought me from her and inforc'd mee to take this very day. *Enter a Seruant and Whiſpers.*

Cap.

Cap. Tis for ſome loue--ſong to ſend to me, I hold my life.

Bel. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the party is at my dore, ſhall ſhe come in Captaine?

Cap. O I, I, put her in, put her in I pray now. *Exit Seru.*

Bel. The letter ſaies here, that ſhe's exceeding ſick, and intreates me to viſit her: Captaine, lie you in ambuſh behind the hangings, and perhaps you ſhall heare the peece of a Commedy: ſhe comes, ſhe comes, make your ſelfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play *Torkin* and caſt my *Lucreſies* water too in hugger muggers? if he do, *Styanax* Tragedy was neuer ſo horrible bloudy-minded, as his Commedy ſhalbe, --- *Tawſons* Captaine *Ienkins*. *Enter* Doll.

Dol. Now Maiſter Poet, I ſent for you.

Bel. And I came once at your Ladiſhips call.

Dol. My Ladiſhip and your Lordſhip lie both in one manner; you haue coniur'd vp a ſweete ſpirit in mee haue you not Rimer?

Bel. Why *Medea*! what ſpirit! wud I were a young man for thy ſake.

Dol. So wud I, for then thou couldſt doe mee no hurt; now thou doeſt.

Bel. If I were a yonker, it would be no Imodeſty in me to bee ſeene in thy company; but to haue ſnow in the lap of Iune; vile! vile: yet come; garlick has a white head, and a greene ſtalke, then why ſhould not I? lets bee merry: what ſaies the diuill to al the world, for Ime ſure thou art carnally poſſeſt with him.

Dol. Thou haſt a filthy foot, a very filthy cariers foote.

Bel. A filthy ſhooe, but a fine foote, I ſtand not vpon my foote I.

Cap. What ſtands he vpon then? with a pox god bleſſe vs?

Doll. A legge and a Calfe! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body! not worth begging by a Barber-ſurgeon.

Bel. Very good, you draw me and quarter me, fates keepe me from hanging.

Dol. And which moſt turnes vp a womans ſtomach, thou art an old hoary man: thou haſt gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a graue: what doe I ſee then

in

in that withered face of thine?

Bell. Wrinkles: grauity.

Doll. Wretchednes: griefe: old fellow thou haſt be witch me; I can neither eate for thee, nor ſleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Cap. Vds blood! I did neuer ſee a white flea before I will clinge you?

Doll. I was borne ſure in the dogdayes Ime ſo vnluky; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spaniſh hoſe, youth nor perſonage, rich face nor mony cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now beſotted, doate, am mad, for the carcas of a man, and as if I were a baud, no ring pleaſes me but a deaths head.

Cap. *Seſu, are I men ſo arſy varſy.*

Bell. Mad for me? why if the worme of luſt were wrigling within mee as it does in others, doſt thinke Ide crawle vpon thee; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer.

Doll. I confeſſe it.

Cap. Doe you, are you a towne cowe and confeſſe you beare calues. *Doll.* I confeſſe, I haue bin an Inne for any gueſt.

Cap. A pogs a your ſtable-roome; is your Inne a baudy houſe now?

Doll. I confeſſe (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Suergeon and thou art he) I confeſſe that old ſtinking Surgeon like thy ſelfe) whom I call father, that *Hornet* neuer ſweat for me, Ime none of his making.

Cap. You lie he makes you a punke *Hornet minor.*

Dol. Hees but a cheater, and I the falſe die hee playes withall, I power all my poyſon out before thee, becauſe heareafter I will be cleane: ſhun me not, loath me not, mocke me not, plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goeſt thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canſt, ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

Cap. Cockatrice: you miſtris *Salamanders* that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horſe, and my coach come running home agen, and run to an hoſpitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders and to the tiuell and his dame to.

Doll. Fiend art thou raized to torment me.

Bell.

Bel. Shee loues you Captaine honestly.

Cap. Ile haue any man, oman or childe by his eares, that saies a common drab can loue a Sentillman honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to haue you to puncks hall, Bridewell, I charge you in *Apollos* name, whom you belong to, see her forth-comming, till I come and tiggle her, by and by, Sbloud I was neuer Couzend with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lawer Countries. *Exit.*

Bel. My dores are open for thee, be gon: woman!

Doll. This goates---peezle of thine ——————

Bel. Away: I loue no such implements in my house.

Dol. Doest not? am I but an implement? by all the maidenheads that are lost in *London* in a yeare (& thats a great oth) for this trick, other manner of women than my selfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee, and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do with al. *Exit.* *Enter Seruant.*

Bel. Is this my Poeticall fury? how now sir!

Ser. Maister *Maybery* and his wife sir ith next roome.

Bel. What are they doing sir?

Ser. Nothing sir, that I see, but onely wud speake with you.

Bel. Enter 'em: this house wilbe to hot for mee, if this wench cast me into these sweates, I must shift my selfe, for pure necessity, haunted with sprites in my old daies!

Enter Maybery *booted, his Wife with him.*

May. A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee old Poet: thou shalt write vpon't Poet.

Bel. Nay I will write vpon't ift bee a Commedie, for I haue beene at a most villanous female Tragedie: come, the plot, the plot.

May. Let your man giue you the bootes presently, the plot lies in *Ware* my white Poet: Wife thou and I this night, will haue mad sport in *Ware*, marke me well Wife, in *Ware*.

Wif. At your pleasure sir.

May. Nay it shalbe at your pleasure Wife: looke you sir, looke you: *Fetherstones* boy (like an honest crack-halter) layd open all to one of my prentices, (for boies you know like women loue to be doing.) *Bel.* Very good: to the plot.

May. Fetherstone like a crafty mutton-monger, perswades *Greenshield* to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange! through the body?

May. I man, to take phisick: he does so, hee's put to his purgation; then sir what does me Fetherstone, but counterfits a letter from an Inkeeper of Doncaster, to fetch *Greenshield* (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certaine Vncle, where *Greenshield* should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

Bell. His wife! is *Greenshield* married? I haue heard him sweare he was a batchiler.

Wife. So haue I a hundred times.

May. The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almost in euery shire in *England*, this parcel Gentlewoman is that Inkeepers Daughter of *Doncaster*.

Bel. Hath she the entertainement of her fore-fathers? wil she keepe all commers company?

May. She help's to passe away stale Capons, sower wine, and musty prouander: but to the purpose, this traine was layd by the baggage her selfe and Fetherstone, who it seemes makes her husband a vnicorne: and to giue fire to't, *Greenshield* like an Arrant wittall intreates his friend, to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, because taking bitter pills, he should proue but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

Bell. And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in *Enfeild-chace*

May. No sir, Maister poet there you misse the plot, Fetherstone and my Lady *Greenshield* are rid to batter away their light commodities in *Ware*, *Enfeild-chace* is to cold for 'em.

Bell. In *Ware*!

May In durty *Ware*: I forget my selfe wife, on with your ryding suite: and cry *North-ward hoe*, as the boy at Powles sates, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to *Ware*, lodge in the Inne I told thee, spur out and away.

Wife. Well sir. *Exit.*

Bell. Stay, stay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

May. For a thing my little hoary Poet: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker *Greenshield* in his Chamber, and as tho

my

my heart ſtringes had bin crackt, I wept, and ſighd, & thumpd, and thumpd, and rau'd and randed, and raild, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that ſhee had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to *Ware*, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

Bel. Good; and how tooke he this drench downe.

May. Like Egs and Muſcadine, at a gulp: hee cries out preſently, did not I tell you old man, that ſheed win my game when ſhe came to bearing? hee railes vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white ſheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully ſcourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muſter as many as weecan.

Bel. It wilbe excellent ſport, to ſee him and his owne wife meete in *Ware*, wilt not? I, I, weele haue a whole Regiment of horſe with vs.

May. I ſtand vpon thornes, tel I ſhake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we muſt gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your (forces,

Bel. Like a *Hollander* againſt a *Dunkirke*.

May. March then, this curſe is on all letchers throwne,
They giue hornes and at laſt, hornes are their owne. *Exit.*

Enter Captaine Ienkins, *and* Allom.

Cap. Set the beſt of your little diminitiue legges before, and ride poſt I pray.

Allo. Is it poſſible that miſtris *Doll* ſhould bee ſo bad?

Cap. Poſſible! Sbloud tis more eaſe for an oman to be naught, than for a ſoldier to beg, and thats horrible eaſie, you know.

Al. I but to connicatch vs all ſo groſly.

Cap. Your *Norfolke* tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

Allom. Shee gelded my purſe of fifty pounds in ready money.

Cap. I will geld all the horſes in fiue hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her *Hornets*; Shee made a ſtarke Aſſe of my Coach-horſe, and there is a putter-box, whome ſhee ſpred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke ſhee has ſent the poore fellow to *Gelderland*, but I will marſe prauely in and out, and packe

agen vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as *Holland* and *Zeland* and *Netherland*, and *Cleueland* too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister *Hans van Belch*, but I will smell him out.

Allom. Doe so and weele draw all our arrowes of reuenge vp to the head but weele hit her for her villany.

Cap. I will traw as petter, and as vrse weapons as arrewes vp to the head, lug you, it shalbe warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

Allom. But now she knowes shees discouered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

Cap. Fle with her pells! ownds I know a parish that sal tag downe all the pells and sell em to Capten *Ienkens*, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weele flie too, vnles, the pell-ropes hang vs: will you amble vp and downe to maister Iustice by my side, to haue this rascall *Hornet* in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoars peace.

Allom. Ile amble or trot with you Capten: you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her, if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

Cap. *O mon du! u dguin!* follow your leader, *Ienken* shall cut, and slice, as worse as they: come I scorne to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but open warres. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greensheild, Phillip, Leuarpoole, Chartley: *all booted.*

Bell. What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha! *Phillip*! are they thy friends.

Phil. Yes Sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you Gentlmen that youle fill our consort I ho seene your faces me thinkes before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

Both. May be so Sir.

Bell. Shalls to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to horse.

May. Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our Cheualls: merry quoth a.

Bell. Gentlemen shall I shoote a fooles bolt out a mong you all, because weele be sure to be merry.

Omn.

Omn. What ist?

Bell. For mirth on the high way, will make vs tid ground faster then if theeues were at our tayles, what say yee to this, lets all practise iests one against another, and hee that has the best iest throwne vpon him, and is most gald, betweene our riding foorth and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole iourney. *Omn.* Content ifaith.

Bell. Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe at *Ware* I beleeue. *May.* Peace. *Green.* Ist a bargen.

Omn. And hands clapt vpon it.

Bel. Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what place is this?

May. Bedlam ist not?

Bel. Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

Green. Wee shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you: come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes: this is the doore. *Enter* Full-moone.

May, Saue you sir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em? *Full.* Yes.

Bell. Pray bestow your name sir vpon vs.

Full. My name is *Full-moone.*

Bell. You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone*: and what mad-caps haue you in your house,

Enter the Phisition. *Ful.* Diuerse.

May. Gods so, see, see, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

Full. Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

Bell. A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake?

Ful. For loue of an *Italian* Dwarfe.

Bell. Has he beene in *Italy* then?

Full. Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages,

Enter the Bawd.

Omn. Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee.

Bell. The dancing Beare: a pritty well-fauourd little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire.

Bel. May we talke with 'em maister *Ful-moone*

Full. Yes and you will; I must looke about for I haue vnruly tenants. *Exit.*

Bell. What haue you in this paper honest friend?

Gree Is this he has al manner of languages, yet speakes none

Baud. How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you send for some aquauite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer since the last great raine that fell. *Bel.* No thats a lye.

Baud. Nay by gad, then you lie, for all y'are Sir *Andrew*, I was a dapper rogue in Portingall voiage, not an inch broad at the heele, and yet thus high, I scornd I can tell you to be druncke with raine water then Sir, In those golden and siluer dayes: I had sweete bitts then Sir *Andrew*: how doe you good brother *Timothy*?

Bella. You haue bin in much trouble since that voiage.

Baud. Neuer in bride-wel I protest, as I me a virgin: for I could neuer abide that bride-wel I protest, I was once sicke, and I tooke my water in a basket, and cary'd it to a doctors.

Phil. In a basket.

Baud. Yes Sir: you arrant foole there was a vrinall in it.

Phil. I cry you mercy.

Baud. The Doctor told me I was with child, how many Lords Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and others promist me to be god-fathers to that child: twas not Gods will: the prentises made a riot vpon my glasse-windowes the Shroue-tuesday following and I miscaried.

Omn. O doe not weepe.

Baud. I ha cause to weepe: I trust Gintlewomen their diet sometimes a fortnight: lend Gentlemen holland shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis: and no restitution, and no restitution. but Ile take a new order, I will haue but six stewd prunes in a dish and some of mother Walls cakes: for my best customers are taylors. *Omn.* Taylors! ha ha.

Baud. I Taylors: giue me your London Prentice; your country Gentlemen are growne too polliticke.

Bel. But what say you to such young Gentlemen as these are.

Baud. Foh, they as soone as they come to their lands get vp to London, and like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keepe

a Spitting of fire, and cracking till they ha ſpent all, and when my ſquib is out, what ſayes his punke, foh, he ſtinckes.

Enter the muſition.

Me thought this other night, I ſaw a pretty ſight,
Which pleaſed me much.
A comely country mayd, not ſqueamiſh nor afraid,
To let Gentlemen touch.
I ſold her maiden-head once, and I ſold her maiden-head twice,
And I ſould it laſt to an Alderman of *Yorke*.
And then I had ſold it thrice.

Muſi. You ſing ſcurvily.

Baud. mary muffe, ſing thou better, for Ile goe ſleepe my old ſleepes. *Exit.* *Bell.* What are you a doing my friend.

Muſi. Pricking, pricking.

Bell. What doe you meane by pricking?

Muſi. A Gentleman like quallity.

Bell. This fellow is ſome what prouder, and ſullinet then the other. *May*, Oh; ſo be moſt of your muſitions.

Muſi. Are my teeth rotten? *Omn.* No Sir.

Muſi. Then I am no Comfit-maker, nor Vintner, I doe not get wenches in my drincke: are you a muſition? *Bel.* Yes.

Acu. weele be ſworne brothers then, looke you ſweete rogue.

Groe. Gods ſo, now I thinke vpon't, a Ieſt is crept into my head, ſteale away, if you loue me. *Exeunt: muſition ſings.*

Muſi. Was euer any marchants band ſet better I ſet it: walke Ime a cold, this white ſattin is to thin vnles it be cut, for then the Sunne enters: can you ſpeake Italian too, *Sapete Italiano.*

Bell. *Vn poco.*

Muſi. Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out if you; *vn poco*, come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leafe, and if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco* March. *Bell.* Come on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maybery, Greeneſhilde, Phillip. Full-moone. Leuerpoole, *and* Chartely.

Groe. Good Maiſter *Mayberie*, *Philip*, if you be kind Gentlemen vpehold the ieſt: your whole voiage is payd for.

May. Follow it then.

Full.

Ful. The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now as well in his wittes as I do my selfe, and lookt as wisely.

Gree. No matter how he talkes, but his Pericranion's perisht.

Ful. Where is he pray?

Phil. Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time

Char. Hee's an excellent Musition himselfe, you must note that.

May. And hauing met one fit for his one tooth: you see hee skips from vs.

Green. The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now. *Ful.* How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, looke you sir: here's a crowne to prouide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

Ful. Nay sir, he must ha no fire.

Green. No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole haruest.

Omnes. Let his straw be fresh and sweet we beseech you sir?

Green. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellowes, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

Ful. Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Omnes. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus. *Omn.* Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.

Enter Musition and Bellamont.

Bel. *Perdonate mi, si Io dimando del vostro nome*: oh, whether shrunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

Omn. Wee ha bin with the other mad folkes.

May. And what sayes he and his prick-song?

Bell. Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

Omn. In *Italian*; O good maister *Bellamont* lets heare him.

Enter Full-moone, *and two Keepers.*

Bell. How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

Ful. Away sirra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench sirra, doe you?

Bell. What wench? will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds? let goe you Dogs.

Ful. Bind

Ful. Bind him,be quiet: come,come,dogs,fie,& a gentleman.

Bell. Maister *Maibery,Philip*,maister *Maibery*,vds foot.

Ful. Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

Bel. I hold my life my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon thy head: to gull me: I smell it now: why doe you heare *Full-moone*,let me loose; for Ime not mad; Ime not mad by Iesu:

Ful. Aske the Gentlemen that.

Bel. Bith Lord I'me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' house, & this is a trick put vpon thee by these gallants in pure knauery.

Ful. Ile trie that,answer me to this question:loose his armes a little, looke you sir, three Geese nine pence; euery Goose three pence,whats that a Goose,roundly,roundly one with another.

Bel. Sfoot do you bring your Geese for me to cut vp.

Enter all. *strike him soundly,and kick him.*

Omn. Hold,hold,bind him maister *Full-moone*.

Ful. Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his bonds not I,vnlesse I could recouer them better.

Gre. Haue I giuen it you maister Poet,did the Lime-bush take.

Ma. It was his warrant sent thee to *Bedlam*,old *Iack Bellamõt*, and maister *Full-ith'moone*, our warrant discharges him; Poet, weele all ride vpon thee to *Ware*,& back agen I feare to thy cost.

Bel. If you doe,I must beare you', thanke you Maister *Greenshield*,I will not dye in your debt: farewell you mad rascals, to horse come, 'tis well done; 'twas well done, you may laugh, you shall laugh Gentlemen:if the gudgeon had beene swallowed by one of you it had bin vile, but by Gad 'tis nothing, for your best Poets indeed are madde for the most part: farewell good-man *Full-moone*.

Ful. Pray Gentlemen if you come by call in. *Exit.*

Bell. Yes,yes,when they are mad, horse your selues now if you be men. *May.* Hee gallop must that after women rides,
Get our wiues out of Towne,they take long strides. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5. *SCÆNA* 1.

Enter old Maybery *and* Bellamont.

May. But why haue you brought vs to the wrong Inne? and withall posseset *Greenshield* that my wife is not in towne: when my proiect was, that I would haue brought him vp into the

chamber, where yong *Fetherstone* and his wife lay: and so all his Artillery should haue recoild into his owne bosome.

Bell. O it will fall out farre better, you shall see my reuenge will haue a more neate and vnexpected conueyance: he hath bin all vp and downe the towne, to enquire for a Londoners wife, none such is to be found: for I haue mewd your wife vp already. mary he heres of a *Yorke-shire* Gentlewoman at next Inne, and thats all the commodity *Ware* affoords at this instant: now sir, he very politickly imagins, that your wife is rode to *Puckridge*, fiue mile further, for saith he in such a towne where Hosts will be familiar, and Tapsters saucie, & Chamberlaines worse then theeues intelligencers, theile neuer put foot out of Stirrop: either at *Puckridge* or *Wades-mill* (saith he) you shall finde them: & because our horses are weary, hee's gone to take vp Post horse: my counsaile is onely this, when he comes in, faine your selfe very melancholie, sweare you will ride no farther, and this is your part of the Comedy: the sequell of the iest shall come like money borrowed of a Courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange & vnexpected. *Enter* Greeneshield.

May. Inough, I ha't, *Bel* He comes.

Grse. Come gallants, the post horse are ready, tis but a quarter of an houres riding, weele ferrit them and strike them in-faith.

Bel. Are they growne politick? when do you see honestly couet corners, or a gentlemã thats no thiefe lie in the Inne of a carrier.

Mai. Nothing hath vndone my wife, but too much riding.

Bel. She was a pritty piece of a Poet indeed, & in her discourse would as many of your Gold-smiths wiues doe, draw her simily from pretious stones, so wittily, as redder then your Ruby, harder then your Diamond, and so from stone to stone, in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boote, as if she had beene an excellent Lapidary. *Green.* Come will you to horse sir?

May. No let her go to the diuell and she will, Ile not stirre a foote further.

Green. Gods pretious ist come to this: perswade him as you are a Gentleman, there will be ballads made of him, & the burthen thereof will be, if you had rode out 5. mile forward, he had found the fatall house of *Braineford* North-ward, O hone, hone, hone ononero. *Bell,* You are merry sir. (a horseback.

Grs. Like your Cittizen, I neuer thinke of my debts, when I am

Bel, You

Bell. You imagin you are riding from your creditors.

Gree. Good in faith: wil you to horse? *May.* Ile ride no further.

Gree. The ile discharge the post-maister: was't not a pritty wit of mine maister Poet to haue had him rod into *Puckridge*, with a horne before him, ha wast not?

Bell. Good sooth excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must stay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an exellent iest to make old *Maibery* merry, S'foote weele haue him merry.

Green. Lets make him drunke then, a simple catching wit I.

Bel. Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee. *Green.* Why so he would in his foole.

Bel. Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merry: his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him melãcholy, tis a wench must make him mery: we must help him to a wench. when your cittizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, either the hostis or one of her maids warmes his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him cõmand ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepes as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his own linnen I meane sir, we must haue a wench for him.

Gree But wher's this wench to be found, here are al the moueable peticotes of the house.

Bel. At the next Inne there lodged to night---

Gree. Gods pretious a *Yorkeshire* Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her presently, weele haue him merry.

Bel. Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

Gree. No Ile be Pander my selfe, because weele be merry.

Bell. Will you, will you?

Gree. But how? be a Pander as I am a gentlemã? that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into the out-side of a Fawlconer in towne here: & now I thinke on't there are a company of cõtry plaiers, that are come to towne here, shall furnish mee with haire and beard: if I do not bring her, ---wilbe wondrous merry.

Bel. About it looke you sir, though she beare her far aloofe, and her body out of distance, so her mind be cõming 'tis no matter.

Green. Get old *Maibery* merry: that any man ſhould take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman, I thinke when he comes home poore ſnaile, heele not dare to peepe forth of doores leaſt his hornes vſher him. *Exit.*

Bel. Go thy wayes, there be more in *England* weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges and Aſſes: excellent hee rides poſte with a halter about his neck. *May.* How now wilt take ?]

Bel. Beyond expectation: I haue perſwaded him the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne wife hether.

May. Why heele know her?

Bel. She hath beene maskt euer ſince ſhe came into the Inne, for feare of diſcouery. *May.* Then ſheele know him.

Bel. For that his owne vnfortunate wit helpt my laſie inuention, for he hath diſguiſd himſelfe like a Fawkner, in Towne heare, hoping in that procuring ſhape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-ſide of a Gentleman.

May. Young *Fetherſtone* will know him?

Bel. Hee's gone into the towne, and will not returne this halfe houre. *May.* Excellent if ſhe would come.

Bel. Nay vpon my life ſheele come: when ſhe enters remember ſome of your young bloud, talke as ſome of your gallant commoners will, Dice and drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, leaſt it betray the coldneſſe of your man-hood, but fetch a caper now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets: I ſo.

May. Ha old Poet, lets once ſtand to it for the credit of *Milke-ſtreete.* Is my wife acquainted with this.

Bel. She's perfect, & will come out vpō her qu, I warrant you.

May. Good wenches infaith: fils ſome more Sack heare.

Bel. Gods pretious, do not call for Sack by any meanes.

May. Why then giue vs a whole Lordſhip for life in *Rheniſh*, with the reuerſion in Sugar, *Bell.* Excellent.

May. It were not amiſſe if we were dancing.

Bell. Out vpon't, I ſhall neuer do it.

Enter Greenſheild *diſguiſed, with miſtreſſe* Greenſheild.

Green. Out of mine noſtrils tapſter, thou ſmelſt like *Guild-hall* two daies after *Simon* and *Inde*, of drinke moſt horribly, off with thy

thy maſke ſweete ſinner of the North: theſe maskes are foiles to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new ſattin out-ſides to louſie linings.

Kat. O by no meanes ſir, your Merchant will not open a whole peece to his beſt coſtomer, hee that buies a woman, muſt take her as ſhe ſales: Ile vnmaske my hand heares the ſample.

Green. Goe to then, old Poet I haue tane her vp already as a pinnis bound for the ſtraights, ſhe knowes her burden yonder.

Bel. Lady you are welcome: yon is the old Gentleman and obſerue him, he's not one of your fat Citty chuffes: whoſe great belly argues that the felicity of his life conſiſtes in capon, ſack, and ſincere honeſty, but a leane ſpare bountiful gallant one that hath an old wife, and a young performance: whoſe reward is not the rate of a Captaine newly come out of the Low-coũtries: or a *Yorkeſhiere* Atturny in good contentious practice, ſome angel, no the proportion of your welthy Cittizen to his wench, is, her Chamber, her diet, her phiſick, her apparell, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her euery thing. Youle ſay your yong Gentleman, is your onely ſeruice that lies before you like a Calues head, with his braines ſome halfe yeard from him, but I aſſure you, they muſt not onely haue variety of foolery; but alſo of wenches: whereas your conſcionable gray-beard of *Farrington* within, will keepe himſelfe, to the ruines of one caſt waighting-woman an age: & perhaps, when he's paſt all other good workes, to wipe out falſe waightes, and twenty ith hundred, marry her ———

Green. O well bould *Tom* ( ) we haue preſedents, for't:

Kat. But I haue a huſband ſir.

Bel. You haue, if the knaue thy huſband bee rich, make him poore, that he may borrow mony of this Merchant, and be layd vp in the Counter, or Ludgate, ſo it ſhall bee conſcience in you old Gentleman, when he hath ſeized all thy goods, to take the horne and maintaine thee.

Green. O well bould *Tom* ( ) wee haue preſedents for't.

Kat. Well if you be not a Nobleman, you are ſome great valiant Gentleman, by your bearth: and the faſhion of your beard: and do but thus to make the Cittizen merry, becauſe you owe him ſome money.

Bel. O you are a wag. *May.* You are very welcome.

Gree. He is tane, excellent, excellent, ther's one will make him merry: is it any imputation to helpe ones friend to a wench?

Bel. No more then at my Lords intreaty, to helpe my Lady to a pritty waighting woman: if he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuersion of some Monopoly, or a new sute of Sattin to haue done this, happily your Sattin would haue smelt of the Pander: but what's done freely, comes like a present to an old Lady, without any reward, and what is done without any rewarde, comes like wounds to a Souldier, very honourably not-withstanding. (uaile you?

May. This is my breeding Gentlewoman: and whether tra-

Kate. To *London* sir, as the old tale goes, to seeke my fortune.

May. Shall I be your fortune Lady?

Kate. O pardon me sir, Ile haue some young landed heire to be my Forrune, for they fauour shee fooles more then Cittizens.

May. Are you married?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrison ith' Low-countries, is his Colonels bawd, and his Captaines Iester: he sent me word ouer, that he will thriue: for though is apparell lie ith' Lumbard, he keepes his conscience ith' Muster-booke.

May. Hee may do his countrie good seruice Lady.

Kate. I as many of your Captaines do, that fight as the Geese saued the Capitoll, onely with prating: well, well, if I were in some Noblemans hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me. *May.* No.

Kate. No sir: and yet may be at yeares end, would giue me a brace of hundreth pounds, to marry me to his Bayly, or the Solicitor of his Law sutes: whose this I beseech you?

Enter mistrisse Maybery *her haire loose, with the Hostice.*

Hostice. I pray you forsooth be patient.

Bel. Passion of my heart, Mistresse *Maybery.* *Exeunt Fidlers.*

Green. Now will shee put some notable trick, vpon her Cuckoldly husband.

May. Why how now Wife, what meanes this? ha?

Mi. Ma. Well, I am very well: ô my vnfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

May. O

May. O wife be patient, I haue more cause to raile wife.

Misters May. You haue, proue it, proue it: wheres the Courtier, you should haue tane in my bosome: Ile spit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any dishonor: haue I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweetes of my youth, the wishes of my bloud: and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonord, to be reputed vild in *London*, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at *Ware*, O god O god. *Be.* Prettily wel dissembled.

Host. As I am true hostice you are to blame sir, what are you maisters: Ile know what you are afore you depart maisters, dost thou leaue thy Chamber in an honest Inne, to come and inueagle my costomers, and you had sent for me vp, and kist me and vsde me like an hostice, twold neuer haue greeued mee, but to do it to a stranger. *Kate.* Ile leaue you sir.

May. Stay, why how now sweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my selfe, but I must bee haunted, raile vpon olde *Bellamont*, that he may discouer them, you remember *Fetherstone Greenshield*.

Mist. May. I remember them, I, they are two as coging, dishonorable dambd forsworne beggerly gentlemē, as are in al London, and ther's a reuerent old gentleman to, your pander in my conscience.

Bel Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, sweare by the infernall *Stix*; but by all the mingled wine in the seller beneath, and the smoke of Tobacco that hath fumed ouer the vessailes, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of suckket looke you behold the parenthesis.

Host Nay Ile see your face too.

Kat. My deare vnkind husband; I protest to thee I haue playd this knauish part only to be witty.

Gree. That I might bee presently turned into a matter more sodlid then horne, into Marble. (souldier

Bel. Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a

Kat. I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady thar wil not think scorne to answere to the name of her first husband; though he weare a Sope-boyler.

Green. Hange of thou diuill, away.

Kat. No, no, you fled me tother day, When

When I was with child you ran away,
But since I haue caught you now.

Green. A pox of your wit and your singing.

Bel. Nay looke you sir, she must sing because weele be merry, what though you rod not fiue mile forward, you haue fou'd that fatall house at *Brainford* Northward, O hone ho no na ne ro.

Green. God refuse mee Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay ith segges with you to night wild-ducke.

Kat. No body with me, as I shall be saued: but Maister *Fetherstone*, came to meete me as far as *Roistone*.

Green. Fetherstone.

May. See the hawke that first stoopt, my phesant is kild by the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

Bel. Twas a pretty wit of you sir, to haue had him rod into Puckeridge with a horne before him; ha: wast not;

Green. Good.

Bel. Or where a Cittizen keepes his house, you know tis not as a Gentleman keepes his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd euen now very wisely, least his hornes should vsher him.

Green. Very good *Fetherstone* he comes. *Enter* Fetherstone.

Feth. Luke *Greeneshield* Maister *Maybery*, old Poet: *Mol* and *Kate*, most hapily incounterd, vdslife how came you heather, by my life the man lookes pale.

Green. You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I am no seruingman, to feede vpon your reuersion.

Feth. Go to the ordinary then.

Bel. This is his ordinary sir & in this she is like a London ordinary: her best getting comes by the box.

Green. You are a dambd villaine.

Feth. O by no meanes.

Green. No, vdslife, Ile go instantly take a purse, be apprehended and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

Feth. Best first make your confession sirra.

Green. Tis this thou hast not vsed me like a Gentleman.

Feth. A Gentleman: thou a gentleman: thou art a Taylor.

Bel. Ware peaching.

Feth. No sirra if you will confesse ought, tell how thou hast wronged

wronged that vertuous Gentlewoman : how thou laiest at her two yeare together to make her dishoneſt : how thou wouldeſt ſend me thether with letters, how duely thou woudſt watch the cittizens wiues vacation, which is twice a day ; name'ly the exchainge time, twelue at noone and ſix at night, and where ſhe refuſed thy importunity, and vowed to tell her husband: thou wouldeſt fall downe vpon thy knees, and intreat her for the loue of Heauen, if not to eaſe thy violent affection, at leaſt to conceale it, to which her pitty and ſimple vertue conſented, how thou tookeſt her wedding ring from her, Met theſe two Gentlemen at *Ware* : fained a quarell, and the reſt is apparant. this onely remaines what wrong the poore Gentlewoman hath ſince receaued by our intollerable lye ; I am moſt hartely ſorry for, and to thy boſome will maintaine all I haue ſaid to bee honeſt.

May. Victorie wife thou art quit by proclamation.

Bel. Sir you are an honeſt man, I haue knowne an arrant theefe for peaching made an officer, giue me your hand Sir.

Kate. O ffilthy abhominable husband did you all this?

May. Certainely he is no Captaine he bluſhes.

Mi. May. Speake Sir did you euer know me anſwere your wiſhes. *Gree*. You are honeſt, very vertuouſly honeſt.

Mi. May. I wil then no longer be a looſe woman. I haue at my husbands pleaſure tane vpon me this habit of iealouſie : Ime ſorry for you , vertue glories not in the ſpoyle but in the victory.

Be. How ſay you by that goody Sentence, looke you ſir; you gallāts viſit cittizēs houſes, as the *Spaniard* firſt ſailed to the *Indies*, you pretēd bying of wares or ſelling of lāds: but the end proues tis nothing but for diſcouery & cōqueſt of their wiues for better maintenance why looke you, was he a ware of thoſe broken patience when you met him at *Ware*, & poſſeſt him of the downfal of his wife: you are a Cockcold you haue pāderd your own wife to this gentleman better men haue don it, honeſt *Tom* ( ), wee haue preſidents for't, hie you to *London*: what is more Catholick ith Citty then for husbands daily for to forgiue, the nightly ſins of their bedfellowes : if you like not that courſe but to intend to be rid of her : riſſe her at a Tauerne, where you may ſwallow

downe some fifty wisacres sonnes and heires to old tenements, and common gardens: like so many raw yeolkes with Muskadine to bed-ward.

Kat. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my cariadge to a horse.

Bel. And no disparagment; for a woman to haue a high forehead: a quick eare, a full eye, a wide nostrell, a sleeke skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth is most comely.

Kat. But is a great belly comly in a horse sir.

Bel. No Lady.

Kat. And what thinke you of it in a woman I pray you.

Bel. Certainly, I am put downe at my owne weapon; I therefore recant the riflying? no there is a new trade come vp for cast Gentlewemen, of peeriwip making: let your wife set vp ith Strand, and yet I doubt, whither she may or no, for they say, the womē haue got it to be a corporatiō; if you can you may make good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a comming in by haire (tho it be but a falling commodity) & by other fooliſh tyring, as any betweene Saint *Clements* and *Charing*.

Feth. Now you haue run your selfe out of breath, here me: I protest the gentlewoman is honest, and since I haue wrong'd her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintaine her: wilt thou hang at my purse *Kate*, like a paire of barbary buttons, to open when tis full, and close when tis empty?

Kat. Ile be diuorc'd by this Christian element, and because thou think'st thou art a Cockold, least I should make thee an infidell, in causing thee to beleeue an vntrueth, Ile make thee a Cockold. *Bel.* Excellent wench.

Feth. Come, lets go sweete: the Nag I ride vpon beares double, weele to *London*.

May. Do not bite your thumbes sir.

Kate. Bite his thumbe!
Ile make him do a thing worse than this,
Come loue me where as I lay.

Feth. What *Kate*!

Kate. He shall father a child is none of his,
O the cleane contrary way.

Feth. O lusty *Kate*. *Exeunt.*

May.

May. Me thought he sayd euen now you were a Taylor.

Gre. You shall heare more of that hereafter, Ile make *Ware* and him stinck ere he goes, if I bee a Taylor, the roagues naked weapon shall not fright me, Ile beate him and my wife both out ath Towne with a Taylors yard. *Exit.*

May. O Valiant sir *Tristram*; roome there.

Enter Philip Leuer-poole *and* Chartly.

Phil. Newes father, most strang newes out of the Low-countries, your good Lady and Mistris that set you to worke vpon a dozen of cheese-trenchers is new lighted at the next Inne, and the old venerable Gentlemans father with her.

Bel Let the gates of our Inne be lockt vp, closer than a Noble-mans gates at dinner time.

Omn. Why sir, why?

Bella. If shee enter here, the house wil be infected: the plague is not halfe so dangerous, as a Shee-hornet: *Philip* this is your shuffling a the cardes, to turne vp her for the bottom carde at *Ware*.

Phi. No as Ime vertuous sir, aske the two Gentlemen.

Leuer. No in troth sir; shee told vs, that inquiring at *London* for you or your sonne, your man chalkt out her way to *Ware*.

Bel. I wud *Ware* might choake 'em both, Maister *Maybery*, my horse and I will take our leaues of you? Ile to Bedlam agen rather than stay her.

May. Shall a woman make thee flie thy country? stay, stand to her tho shee were greater than Pope *Ioane*, what are thy braines coniuring for, my poeticall bay-leafe-eater?

Bel. For a sprite a the buttry, that shall make vs all drinck with mirth if I can raize it: stay, the chicken is not fully hatcht, hit I beseech thee: So; come! wil you be secret Gentlemen and assisting.

Omn. With browne bills if you thinke good.

Bel. What wil you say, if by some trick we put this little Hornet into *Fetherstones* bosome, and marry 'em togither.

Omn. Fuh, tis impossible.

Bel. Most possible, Ile to my trencher-woman, let me alone for dealing with her: *Fetherstone* Gentlemen shalbe your patient.

Omn. How! how?

Bell. Thus: I will close with this country Pedlar mistrisse *Dorothy* (that trauels vp and downe to exchange Pinnes for Cunny-skins) very louingly, she shall eate of nothing but sweet-meates in my company (good words) whose taste when she likes, as I know shee will, then will I play vpon her with this Artillery, that a very proper man, and a great heyre (naming *Fetherstone*) spyed her from a window, when shee lighted at her Inne, is extreamly falne in loue with her, vowes to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, euen in *Ware*; but being (as most of your young Gentlemen are) some-what bashfull, and ashamde to venture vpon a woman.

May. Citty and suburbes can iustifie it: so sir.

Bel. Hee sends mee (being an old friend) to vndermine for him: Ile so whet the wenches stomack, and make her so hungry, that she shall haue an appetite to him, feare it not; *Greenesheild* shall haue a hand in it too, and to bee reuengde of his partner, will I know strike with any weapon.

Leuer. But is *Fetherstone* of any meanes? els you vndoe him and her.

May. Hee has land betweene *Foolham* and *London*, he would haue made it ouer to me: to your charge Poet, giue you the assault vpon her, and send but *Fetherstone* to mee, Ile hang him by the gills.

Bell. Hees not yet horst sure, *Phillip*, go thy wayes, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. Hees blowne vp already. *Exit.*

Bel. Gentlemen youle stick to the deuise, & looke to your plot?

Omnes. Most Poetically: away to your quarter.

Bel. I marche, I will cast my rider gallants: I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

Enter Phillip *and* Fetherstone.

May. That must hee that comes here: Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then euer they did: leape but into the Saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

Leuer. An Asse Ile be sworne.

Feth. How for Gods sake? how?

May. I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and becausse

becauſe you ſhall be ſure to know where my loue dwels, looke you ſir, it hangs out at this ſigne: you ſhall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten: looke you ſir, there is as pretty a little Pinnas, ſtruck ſaile hereby, and come in lately; ſhee's my kinſe-woman, my fathers youngeſt Siſter, a warde, her portion three thouſand; her hopes if her Grannam dye without iſſue, better.

Feth. Very good ſir.

May. Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a Stone-cutter, and rather than ſheele be ſubiect to ſuch a fellow, ſheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out? ſhee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts ſo euer you haue plaid with mee, I ſee good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you ſhall clap her vp preſently.

Feth. Is ſhe young? and a pretty wench?

Leuer. Few Cittizens wiues are like her.

Phil. Yong, why I warrant ſixteene hath ſcarce gone ouer her.

Feth. Sfoot, where is ſhe? if I like her perſonage, aſwell as I like that which you ſay belongs to her perſonage, Ile ſtand thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnis whilſt 'tis hotte.

May. Away then with theſe Gentlemen with a *French* gallop, and to her: *Phillip* here ſhall runne for a Prieſt, and diſpatch you.

Feth. Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and ſome of the company ſhall keepe the doore.

May. Aſſure your ſoule ſhee will be followed: away therefore. Hees in the *Curtian* gulfe, and ſwallowed horſe and man: hee will haue ſome body keepe the doore for him, ſheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phiſick.--how now?

Enter Captaine, Ailom, Hans, *and others booted.*

Capt. God pleſſe you; is there not an arrant ſcuruy trab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne ſir, and can tawg *Welch*, and *Dutch*, and any tongue in your head?

May. How ſo? Drabs in my company: doe I looke like a Drab-driuer?

Capt. The Trab will driue you (if she put you before her) into a pench hole.

Allom. Is not a Gentleman here one Maister *Bellamont* sir of your company.

May. Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here presently.

Capt. Will he? *tawsone*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister Sustice of this shire, to shew no pitty nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

May. Why sir, what has she committed? I thinke such a creature is ith' towne.

Capt. What has she committed: ownds shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God plesse vs to euerlasting prison: lug you sir, shee is a punke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and *Welsh* Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon't, and that there is left nothing but pare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scrapes away the first.

Enter Bellamont, *and* Hornet, *with* Doll *betweene them* Greeneshield, Kate, Mayberies *wife*, Phillip, Leuerpoole, *and* Chartley.

May. Gods so Maister *Fetherstone*, what will you do? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feth. All the warrants in *Europe* shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

Cap. Ow! Sbloud doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my mooueable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild-peasts, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

Allom. I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

Hans. Paw vro, and you make me de gheck, de groet fole, you heb mine gelt to: war is it?

Doll. Out you base scums, come you to disgrace mee in my wedding shooes?

Feth. Is

Feth. Is this your three thousand pound ward, yee tolde mee sir she was your Kinswoman.

May. Right, one of mine Awnts.

Bell. Who payes for the Northren voyage now lads?

Gree. Why do you not ride before my Wife to *London* now? the Woodcocks ith' Sprindge.

Kate. O forgiue me deere husband! I will neuer loue a man that is worse than hangd, as he is.

May. Now a man may haue a course in your Parke?

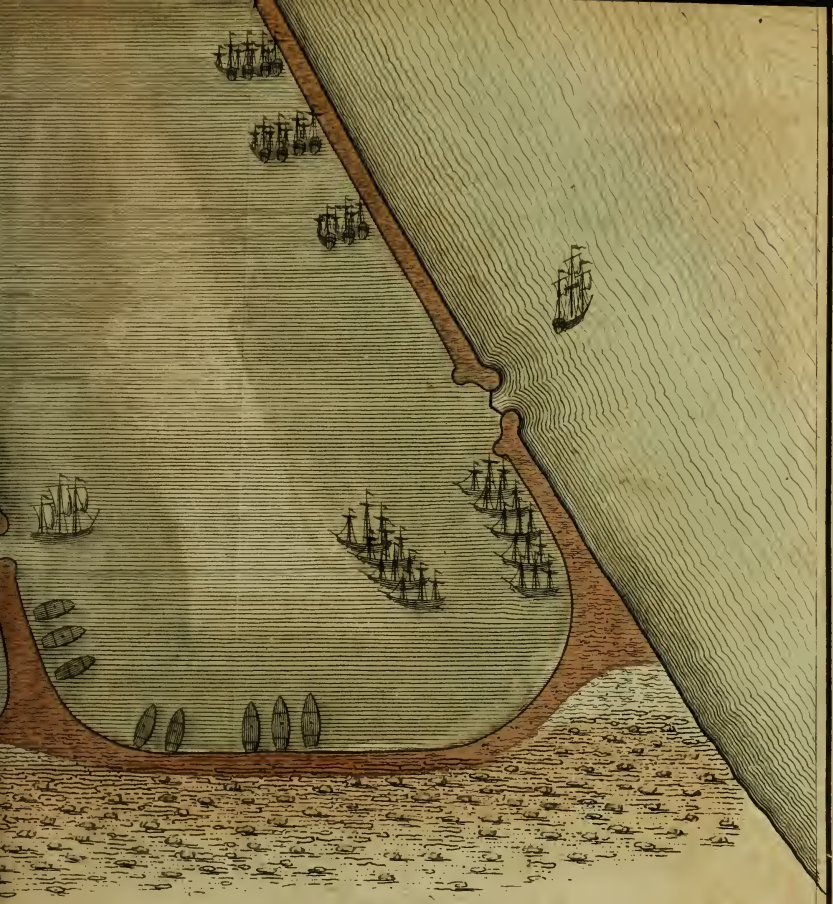
Feth. Hee may sir.

Doll. Neuer I protest, I will bee as true to thee, as *Ware* and *Wades-mill* are one to another.

Feth. Well, it's but my fate: Gentlemen, this is my opinion, it's better to shoote in a Bow that has beene shot in before, and will neuer start, than to draw a faire new one, that for euery Arrow will bee warping: Come wench wee are ioynd, and all the Dogs in *France* shall not part vs: I haue some lands, those Ile turne into money, to pay you, and you, and any: Ile pay all that I can for thee, for Ime sure thou hast paid me.

Omn. God giue you ioy.

May. Come lets be merry, lye you with your owne Wife, to be sure shee shall not walke in her sleepe: a noyse of Musitians Chamberlaine.

This night lets banquet freely: come, weele dare,
Our wiues to combate ith' greate bed in Ware. *Exeunt.*

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